A. P. Mitchell

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Sporting Intelligence.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RACE HORSES.

Philadelphia, March 20, 1833.

Mr. Editor.—I have long anxiously looked for a reply to "An Old Turfman," in vol. ii. p. 57, of your Magazine, where an able exposition may be seen of the comparative merits between our famous Henry and Eclipse, and Centaur and Hampden, both English horses.

We are constantly referred to the extraordinary powers of some few high bred American horses, whose feats are supposed so equal the best in England, since the days of Childers, &c.

How does it happen, Mr. Editor, not a man can be found able to refute this old turfite, who so conclusively proves, by facts of unquestionable authority, the inferiority of our racers to the English—leaving Eclipse and Henry to cut a "queer figure" in the comparison!

I wish some of your numerous correspondents could disprove these facts; for if they are as well known as established, we shall no longer desire to perpetuate our present stock, but endeavor to ingraft a more endurable strain from other countries. But I may perhaps be told, that the late horses imported into this country have begotten no better progeny, if so good, than those derived from England at an earlier period. This, if admitted as true, will be accounted for in the fact, that no horse has been imported, for many years, that could rank foremost in the list of the unvanquished. Leviathan perhaps is the best; but *he* was unable to compete with others of his day. The fact is, *nineteen* out of every *twenty* horses imported from England, not *one* has cost over five hundred to six hundred pounds sterling—rarely a thousand pounds are given. Autocrat, Hedgford and Contract, I am informed, did not average the cost of four hundred and fifty pounds, a sum insufficient to purchase beyond a *third rate stallion*.

It is true, we may get a good horse for a thousand pounds sterling, of unexceptionable form; or we may get the best blood in defective forms: perhaps a full brother to a fine horse unable to run; or a first rate colt *untried*. But, as the system of breeding is reduced to a perfect *science*, the chances are well understood: it is now no longer considered good policy to breed from other than such as experience has confirmed *superior*, possessing *forms* of undoubted excellence. Hence the uncertainty of breeding from a family of the best blood, who failed to establish a reputation in consequence of bad *shape*; or from stock of *good shape*, but spurious blood.

But if, on the other hand, it is proved that the late importations *have* contributed to *our* stock, how much more might this improvement have been effected had the best *tried* horses been resorted to?

It is folly to imagine the American people can vie with a nation whose intelligence, wealth, and extravagance for fashion, surpass the world; where the greatest difference is made between grades of quality; where wealth is sacrificed to every feeling of ambition, and where horseflesh is sold for a *guinea a pound*. While this superabundance of wealth continues, and breeders of horses have the patronage of the rich, and the nobility take part in the amusement—together with the advantage of forming *new* and *happy crosses* from countless numbers of the best stallions—how can Americans pretend to cope under such disadvantages, as comparative poverty, a scattered population, unfitness of climate, added to the want of countenance and support of the most influential members of society.

From the foregoing it will be at once seen, that to obtain the best English horse, from three or four thousand guineas will be required.

For many years, I have desired to see a superior horse introduced here. Now that high prices are more freely given for the services of good stallions, I am of the opinion that the importance of a horse like Rubens, Hampden, Centaur, Phantom, Orville, Trumpator, Priam, Sadler, *Mameluke*, &c. would amply repay all expenses; as he would unquestionably receive the patronage of every sensible breeder, and put to flight the long list of half begotten, insignificant animals, whose *fame* is derived from the weight of character alone; and by such unhappy influence, become a money-trap to their owners and a curse to the public. To quote a vulgar Virginian saying: "Men put to men—not to the stallion," which, though badly expressed, is redolent with truth.

If, Mr. Editor, through your influence, you can form a club, willing to combine in the importation of an English horse of *decided merit*, whose character, blood, performances, size and power, are not to be questioned, your correspondent would take an interest of *one fourth* in the adventure; an agreement being previously drawn up for the regulation of his management.—*Shaner's Turf Reg.*

INSTINCTIVE SAGACITY OF THE FOX.

The old Duke of Grafton, who had his hounds at Croydon, occasionally had foxes taken in Whittlebury forest, and sent up in the venison cart to London, for the purpose of being turned down the next morning before the hounds. In the course of these proceedings, a fox was taken from a particular coppice in the forest, and forwarded in the usual manner. The fox made his escape when hunted; and some time after, a fox was caught in the identical coppice, the appearance of which was so strikingly like the one obtained a little time before in the same place, that the keeper entertained a strong suspicion it was the fox which had before fallen into his hands. The fox was again sent to Croydon, again hunted and again escaped. Some time after, a fox was taken in the same coppice, which those engaged in the business were well assured they had captured twice before. Under these circumstances, he had one ear slit, and some holes punched through the other, in order thus to place the matter beyond dispute, should the fox again make his way back. Thus distinguished, he was again despatched to the hunting ground, and again enlarged: the hounds; and, in the course of a few weeks, was retaken in the same place. After having thus beaten his pursuers three times, and regained as often his old and favorite asylum, he ought to have been spared; but he was turned down a fourth time, and, after a very severe chase, was killed.—*Turf Register.*

There is an individual not fifty miles from New-Haven, who is very singular in his habits, and which goes to show how far imagination will carry a person. This individual has shut himself up in the house about one and a half or two years. He appears to be in perfect health, and every way capable of attending to business, if he only thought so. He has for more than a year fancied himself a teapot, and believes his nose is the spout, and is afraid to have any one come near him for fear they will break it off. It is impossible for any of his friends to convince him to the contrary. He never appears in the street, except early in the morning, and then takes care never to meet any one. He has been known to go a mile out of his way to avoid a person, for fear of coming in contact and breaking the teapot into a thousand pieces, as he expresses it.—*New Haven Herald.*

Ignorance of Fear.—A child of one of the crew of his majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the U. S. vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

THE LOVES OF THE POETS.

A POET'S LOVE.

Of all the heaven-bestowed privileges of the poet, the highest, the dearest, the most enviable, is the power of immortalizing the object of his love; of dividing with her his amaranthine wreath of glory, and repaying the inspiration caught from her eyes with a crown of everlasting fame.

And how have women repaid this gift of immortality? O believe it, when the garland was such as woman is proud to wear, she amply and deeply rewarded him who placed it on her brow. If in return for being made illustrious, she made her lover happy,—if for glory she gave a heart, was it not a rich equivalent?

ANACREON.

I must leave it to learned commentators to explore and elucidate the loves of Sappho and Anacreon. To us unlearned women they shine out through the long lapse of ages, bright *names*, and little else; a kind of half-real,—half-ideal impersonations of love and song; the one enveloped in a "fair luminous cloud," the other "veiled in shadowing roses;" and thus veiled and thus shadowed, by all accounts, they had better remain.

OVID.

He who has revealed to mortal ears "all the soft scandal of the laughing sky," and whose gallantry has become proverbial, represents himself as so incensed by the public and shameless infidelities of his Corinna, that he treats her with the unmanly brutality of some street ruffian;—in plain language, he beats her. They are then reconciled, and again there are quarrels, coarse reproaches, and mutual blows. At length the lady, as might be expected from such tuition, becoming more and more abandoned, this delicate and poetical lover requests as a last favor that she will, for the future, take some trouble to deceive him more effectually; and the fair one, can she do less? kindly consents!

PROPERTIUS.

Cynthia, the mistress of Propertius, gets tipsey, overturns the supper tables, and throws the cups at her lover's head: he is delighted with her *playfulness*: she leaves him to follow the camp with a soldier: he weeps and laments: she returns to him again, and he is enchanted with her amiable condescension. Her excesses are such, that he is reduced to blush for her and for himself; and he confesses that he is become for her sake, the laughing-stock of all Rome.

CATULLUS.

The Lesbia of Catullus, whose eyes were red with weeping the loss of her favorite sparrow, crowned a life of the most flagitious excesses by *poisoning* her husband.

HORACE.

Of the various ladies celebrated by Horace and Tibullus, it would really be difficult to discover which was most worthless, venal, and profligate. These were the refined loves of the classic poets.

LAURA AND PETRARCH.

Much power of lively ridicule, much coarse wit,—principally French wit,—has been expended on the subject of Laura's virtue; by those, I presume, who under similar circumstances would have found such virtue "too painful an endeavor."

But whether, in this long conflict, Laura preserved her heart untouched, as well as her virtue immaculate; whether she shared the love she inspired; or whether she escaped from the captivating assiduities and inviovating homage of her love, "*fancy-free*;"—whether coldness, or prudence, or pride, or the mere heartless love of admiration, or a mixture of all together, dictated her conduct, is at least as well worth inquiry, as the exact color of her eyes, or the form of her nose, upon which we have pages of grave discussion.

MEMORANDUM BY PETRARCH.

"Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated by my verses, I beheld for the first time, in my early youth, on the 6th of April, 1327, about the first hour of the day, in the church of Saint Clare in Avignon: and in the same city, in the same month of April, the same day and hour, in the year 1348, this light of my life was withdrawn from the world while I was at Verona, ignorant, alas! of what had befallen me. The terrible intelligence was conveyed to me a letter from Louis and reached me at Parma the 19th of May, early in the morning."

Laura died of the plague, which then desolated Avignon, and terminated the life of the sufferer on the third day.

DANTE.

The love of Dante for his Beatrice partook of the purity, tenderness, and elevated character of her who inspired it, and was also stamped with that stern and melancholy abstraction, that disposition to mysticism, which were such strong features in the character of her lover.

Boccaccio, who knew Dante personally, tells us, that on the death of Beatrice, he was so changed by affliction that his best friends could scarcely recognise him. He scarcely eat or slept; he would not speak, he neglected his person, until he became "*a savage thing to the eye*:" to borrow his own strong expression, he seems to have been "grief-stung to madness."

CHAUCER.

The object of his passion, too beautifully and unaffectedly described not to be genuine, was Philippa Picard de Roulet, the daughter of a knight of Hainault, and a favorite attendant of Queen Philippa. When the good Queen died, Philippa Picard being released from her attendance on her mistress, a few months afterwards married Chaucer, then in his forty-second year.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is not Shakspeare as a great power bearing a great name,—but Shakspeare in his less divine and less known character,—as a lover and a man, who finds a place here. The only writings he has left, through which we can trace any thing of his personal feelings and affections, are his Sonnets.

Of these there are many which are without doubt inspired by the real object of a real passion, of whom nothing can be discovered, but that she was darkeyed and dark-haired, that she excelled in music; and that she was one of a class of females who do not always, in losing all right to our respect, lose also their claim to the admiration of the sex who wronged them, or the compassion of the gentler part of their own, who have rejected them. This is so clear from various passages, that unhappily there can be no doubt of it. He has flung over her, designedly it should seem, a veil of immortal texture and fadeless hues, "branched and embroidered like the painted spring," but almost impenetrable even to our imagination. There are few allusions to her personal beauty, which can in any way individualise her, but bursts of deep and eloquent reproach, and contending emotions, which show, that if she could awaken as much love and impart as much happiness as woman ever inspired or bestowed, he endured on her account all the pangs of agony, and shame, and jealousy;—that our Shakspeare,—he who, in the omnipotence of genius, wielded the two worlds of reality and imagination in either hand, who was in conception and in act scarce less than a god, was in passion and suffering not more than MAN.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

At the very name of Sir Philip Sydney,—the generous, gallant, all-accomplished Sydney,—the roused fancy wakes, as at the sound of a silver trumpet, to all the gay and splendid associations of chivalry and romance.

The Stella of Sydney's poetry, and the Philoclea of his Arcadia, was the Lady Penelope Devereux, the eldest sister of the favorite Essex. While yet in her childhood, she was the intended bride of Sydney, and for several years they were considered as almost engaged to each other: it was natural, therefore, at this time, that he should be accustomed to regard her with tenderness and unreproved admiration, and should gratify both by making her the object of his poetical raptures.

So far Stella appears in a most amiable and captivating light, worthy the romantic homage of her accomplished lover. But a dark shade steals, like a mildew, over this bright picture of beauty, poetry, and love, even while we gaze upon it. The projected union between Sydney and Lady Penelope was finally broken off by their respective families, for reasons which do not appear.

TASSO.

Leonora d'Este, a princess of the proudest house in Europe, might have wedded an emperor, and have been forgotten. The idea, true or false, that she it was who broke the heart and frenzied the brain of Tasso, has glorified her to future ages: has given her a fame, something like that of the Greek of old, who bequeathed his name to immortality, by firing the grandest temple of the universe.

MILTON.

There is a tradition mentioned by all his biographers, that while Milton was a student at Cambridge, an Italian lady of rank, who was travelling in England, found him sleeping one day under the shade of a tree, and struck with his beauty, wrote with her pencil on a slip of paper, the pretty madrigal of Guarini, which Menage translated for Madame de Sevigne, "Occhi, stelle mortali," and leaving it in his hand, pursued her journey.

It is a curious circumstance, and one but little consonant with the popular idea of Milton's austerity, that the object of his poetical homage, and even of his serious admiration, was an Italian singer; but it must be remembered, that Milton, the son of an accomplished musician was, by nature and education, peculiarly susceptible to the power of sweet sounds.

I cannot find that either Leonora Baroni, or her mother Adriana, ever appeared on a stage; yet their celebrity had spread from one end of Italy to the other. Milton joined the crowd of Leonora's votaries at Rome, and has expressed his enthusiastic admiration, not only in verse but in prose.

Milton was three times married. The relations of his first wife, (Mary Powell,) who were violent royalists, and ashamed or afraid of their connection with a republican, persuaded her to leave him. She absolutely forsook her husband for nearly three years, and resided with her family at Oxford, when that city was the head-quarters of the King's party. "I have so much charity for her," says Aubrey, "that she might not wrong his bed; but what man (especially contemplative,) would like to have a young wife environed and stormed by the sons of Mars, and those of the enemie parte!"

Milton, though a suspicion of the nature hinted at by Aubrey never rose in his mind, was justly incensed at this dereliction. He was on the point of divorcing this contumacious bride, and had already made choice of another to succeed her, when she threw herself, impromptu, at his feet and implored his forgiveness. He forgave her: and when the republican party triumphed, the family who had so cruelly wronged him found a refuge in his house. This woman embittered his life for fourteen or fifteen years.

Milton's second and most beloved wife (Catharine Woodcock) died in childbed, within a year after their marriage.

After her death,—blind, disconsolate, and helpless—he was abandoned to petty wrongs and domestic discord; and suffered from the disobedience and unkindness of his two elder daughters, like another Lear. His youngest daughter, Deborah, was the only one who acted as his amanuensis, and she always spoke of him with extreme affection:—on being suddenly shown his picture, twenty years after his death, she burst into tears.

These three daughters were grown up, and the youngest about fifteen, when Milton Married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull. She was a kind-hearted woman, without pretensions of any kind, who watched over his declining years with affectionate care. One biographer has not scrupled to assert, that to her,—or rather to her tender reverence for his studious habits, and to the peace and comfort she brought to his heart and home,—we owe the Paradise Lost: if true, what a debt immense of endless gratitude is due to the memory of this unobtrusive and amiable woman!—*From Mrs. Jamison's Loves of the Poets.*

DOUBLE REASONS FOR SINGLE LIVES.

Ma'am Wilkins had a favorite maid,
Who with her to this day had stayed,
But that she found her fault;
Some have she was missing, I scarce need
Tell you it was not in her creed,
For maids to take the veil,
And yet she gave her gold to buy
A sucking pother from the sty,
But Jane—the blunder's funny!
Brought back, with monstrous self applause,
A *guinea* pig, she said—because
He must be worth the *money*.

In every crime there luck'd a joke,
She stole her mistress' watch, and broke
The dart that told each minute,
Then, lest to sell it in the Strand,
Said, 'don't you talk of *second hand*—
For no such thing is mine!'
Ma'am Wilkins kept her then at Bay
Of flattery—and sent away,
For one to tend this sinful—
A poor relation, who, so counted,
Was with thankfar quite *transported*,
Tho' not, Alas! for *life*.

Yet, tho' her niece was not to wed,
Ma'am Wilkins very often said,
Should Annie be left behind her,
Even if she could make her rich,
She'd surely 'leave her handsome,' which
Was more than she might find her.
Now Anne, with pretty, round, brown eyes,
Is a nice girl—more nice than wise—
And quickly might be mated,
But for her small fortune and—I know
By her she's under-valued, tho'
She oft gets highly *rated*.

Which could you trust of all your sparks?
That jemlin'ker knows the cost of larks,
Inspite his duck tail curls;
The jour'n's hand has squeez'd your's twice,
Don't fancy that's his only vice,
A villain 'mongst the girls!
The squire, whose coach might tempt to marriage,
Has no orthodox, an awkward carriage,
Besides a memory muddy;
No wealth his ignorance can gild,
A library the fool may build,
But never get a *study*.

Would not your modesty be galled,
If *vowed* (in phrases naughty called)
By one of garb more florid?
Soldier and sailor jist between,
His habits, spite his coat, are seen
Ultr-marinely horrid.
At table he's the great distress
E'en of his own corps; precious mess!
I'd die before I'd dine him;
In vain they mulct his cash and wine,
He flatly tells 'em they may fine,
But never can *re-fine* him.

THE BULLS OF THE POETS.

'Homer himself,' says a poet of scarcely inferior reputation, 'sometimes nods.' Below are a few instances of literary somnolency, sufficient to prove, that even in modern times Genius is occasionally caught napping:

DR. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has not only *shewn* human nature as it is, but as it would be found *in situations to which it cannot be exposed*.

Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,
Nor *sell* for gold *what gold will never buy*.

Every monumental inscription should be in Latin, for that being a *dead* language, is always sure to *live*.

DRYDEN.

Obey'd as sovereigns by thy subjects be;
But know that *I alone am king of me*.
* * * * * * * * *
A horrid *silence* first *invades* the ear.

POPE.

Eight callow *infants* filled the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth.

When first young Maro, in his noble mind
A work *t' outlast immortal* Rome design'd.

THOMPSON.

He saw her charming, but he *saw not half*
The charms her downcast modesty *concealed*.

HOME.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And *inaccessible* by *shepherds trod*,
The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a *stilly sound*.

COWLEY.

Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; *and for a while was dead*.
Ah! scottish fool! 'said I.'

MILTON.

But now *lead on*,
In me is no delay, with thee *to go*
Is to stay here.

The deeds themselves, though *mute*, *speak loud* the doer.

SHAKSPEARE.

I will strive with things *impossible*
Yea get the better of them.

STEAM ENGINES IN 1543.

It appears from a late valuable publication, Navarete's *Collection of Spanish Voyages and Discoveries*, that the first known experiment of propelling a vessel by the agency of steam, was made at Barcelona, more than eighty-five years before the idea of procuring motion by means of it was first started by Brancas in Italy; more than a century before this power was applied to any useful purpose by the marquis of Worcester in England; and near three centuries before Fulton, adapting and combining the inventions of a host of contemporary mechanics, successfully solved the same wonderful problem in the United States. Singular, however, as the fact may be, it is fully established by various documents lately found in the archieves of Simancas, and is so circumstantially stated as to be incontrovertible.

In the year 1543, a certain sea-officer, called Blasco de Gayay, offered to exhibit before the emperor Charles V. a machine by means of which a vessel should be made to move, without the assistance of either sails or oars. Though the proposal appeared ridiculous, the man was so much in earnest, that the emperor appointed a commission to witness and report upon the experiment. The experiment was made the 17th of June, 1543, on board a vessel called the Trinidad, of two hundred barrels' burden, which had lately arrived with wheat from Colibre. The vessel was seen at a given moment to move forward, and turn about at pleasure, without sail or oar, or human agency, and without any visible mechanism, except a huge boiler of hot water, and a complicated combination of wheels and paddles.

The assembled multitude were filled with astonishment and admiration. The harbor of Barcelona resounded with plaudits; and the commissioners, who shared in the general enthusiasm, all made favorable reports to the emperor, except one the treasurer Ravago. This man, from some unknown cause, was prejudiced against the inventor and his machine. He took great pains to undervalue it, stating among other things, that it could be of little use, since it only propelled the vessel two leagues in three hours; that it was very expensive and complicated, and that there was great danger of the boiler's bursting frequently. The experiment over, Gayay collected his machinery, and having depressed the wooden part in the royal arsenal, carried the rest to his own house.

Notwithstanding the invidious representations of Ravago, Gayay was applauded for his invention, and taken into favor by the emperor, who promoted him one grade, gave him two hundred thousand *maravedises*, and ordered the jealous treasurer to pay all the expenses of the experiment. But Charles was then taken up with some military expedition, and the occasion of conferring an inestimable benefit on mankind was neglected for the business of bloodshed and devastation: while the honor which Barcelona might have received from perfecting this noble discovery was reserved for a city which had not yet started in the career of existence.

The fact that a vessel was propelled by steam as early as the sixteenth century, thus rendered certain, the question next occurs, whether it in any way detracts from the honor due to Fulton, not for having made the first successful application of steam to purposes of navigation, (for he was even anticipated by Fitch, in the United States) but for having brought it into use over the whole civilized world. By no means. This experiment at Barcelona, owing to the absence of journals and newspapers, those modern vehicles and wings of intelligence, was unknown to the world generally, at the time of making it as it ever was to Fulton. And, besides, who can tell but that in like manner many inventions, which constitute at once the pride and profit of the present age, may have existed centuries ago, in countries of forgotten civilization.—*A Year in Spain by a young American.*

Great preparations are making for the bringing out of the daughter of the late Lord Byron, who is to be presented at the next Drawing-room. The jewels have been ordered of an eminent jeweller at the west end of the town. Report in the fashionable circles speaks very highly of the accomplishments of the young lady, who resembles her talented father in many of the finer qualities of his mind. Her education has been attended to with the greatest solicitude by Lady Byron; and most of the masters under whom she has studied speak highly of her assiduity, and of the readiness with which she profited by their lessons.—*Court Journal.*

Curious Relationship.—There is a cottage in Anglesey, at no great distance from the Menai Bridge, the male inmates of which, only four in number, are thus singularly, (we might say plurally) related —three sons, three fathers, two grandfathers, and one great-grandfather.

TRAVELLING ITEMS.—No. I.

FURNISHED BY OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

Boston and New-York *via* Norwich and New-London.—A Line of stages leave Wildes' Hotel, Elm-street, Boston, on Monday and Thursday of each week, at three o'clock, A. M., for Norwich, Connecticut, where the passengers take the steamboat General Jackson, at 5 o'clock same evening, and arrive in New-York the next morning in season for the Philadelphia boats. This excellent line is always in readiness at Norwich, to convey passengers, on the arrival of the General Jackson, to Boston. This route is generally selected by travellers who wish to escape the sea-sickness attendant on "going round" Point Judith. The fare is but six dollars from New-York to Boston, and we are assured by the intelligent and highly respectable agent, Mr *Job Brooks*, "that under the present arrangement, the route is as quick as any between the two cities, and much the most safe and pleasant." The proprietors have also studied the comfort and convenience of the traveller by dispensing with the too frequent changing of coaches and drivers.

New-York and Boston *via* Providence.—The splendid steamers, Boston, Benjamin Franklin, President and Providence, continute to form a daily line between New-York, Newport and Providence. On the arrival of either of these boats at Newport, from New-York, stages are in readiness to convey passengers to New-Bedford, Bristol and Taunton, and on their arrival at Providence to Boston, etc.—There are three different lines of stages, between Boston and Providence, the *Citizens' the Union*, and the Tremont. The several boats receive the fare and give tickets for the *citizens*, and an understanding exists between that line and the Union by which the latter receive a portion of the passengers. The Citizens line is the most extensive, and they pledge themselves to carry *all* the passengers. The Tremont Line, under the management of the indefatigable, Mr. Wilder, carries the mail, and the stages of this line are always in readiness on the arrival of the boats, to take those who have not provided themselves with seats in the Citizens, on board the boats. For further particulars in relation to this excellent line, we refer our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Wilder, in another column.

A new steamboat at the East.—Our travelling friends will be gratified to learn that a new and superb steamboat is to be built to ply between Boston and Portland. She will be built of the best materials and on the most approved model, and about three hundred tons burthen, and be so fast as to make the passage between Boston and Portland, a distance of 120 miles, in less than nine hours, about half the time occupied by the Chancellor Livingston, now on the same route. She is to be called the *Daniel Webster*, and will, we learn, be under the command of Capt. *Porter*, late of the Connecticut, one of the most experienced and accomplished steamboat officers in the country.

A correspondent of the Pennsylvanian who signs himself "a Bostonian" is in exticies about the City Hotel, Philadelphia, and describes it as the best House he ever entered, and we willingly admit his recommendation of it to Travellers going south, as a most excellent and popular hotel.

The Editor of the Pennsylvanian says, that "Philadelphia is at this moment overrun with fashionable travellers from the East, North, and South." Among these fashionable travellers, he speaks of certain "sentimental lylds from Boston neck."

They must be mud-turtles (says the editor of the Boston Commercial Gazette.) These are the only "sylphs" which grow on Boston neck.

The steamer Water Witch will shortly commence running between Boston and Portland. The Water Witch is nearly a new boat. She was built in New-York,—has been overhauled and repaired throughout,—and is well adapted to the sometimes rough passage of the east.

Manufacturers Hotel.—*S. T. Edwards*, late of the Franklin House, Boston, has taken the manufacturers Hotel. A more liberal, gentlemanly, and accommodating host, we know not. Mr. E. has for several years past provided the public dinners given in Faneuil Hall, Irving Hall, &c., and rendered the most entire satisfaction to guests generally.

Tribute to merit.—The New Haven Palladium states that the worthy veteran, Capt. Beecher, who is probably known to almost every member of the travelling community in the United States has at length retired from the duties of his office as Captain in the New Haven and New-York steamboat line. The company have resolved to present the captain (in the form of plate,) a testimony of their regard for his worth as a faithful officer.

From our Western Agent.

Westward, ho!—Whoever is passing through the Cities and Towns on the North River, will find an excellent Landlord and capital Quarters, at the Hotel of Mr. Hatch, in Poughkeepsie, where the best of accommodations and the kindest treatment will always relieve the tedium of Travel.

T. Gregory keeps a very excellent house, at Poughkeepsie, where there is always good attendance and the greatest civility.

The stage route from Newburgh to Geneva is regularly conducted line,—with superior horses,—new stages, and excellent drivers.

Thos. Morton has taken the Mansion House at Newburgh, and has fitted it up in a very superior style, and all his guests were are certain will be pleased to pay him a visit and a Bill.

A person lately purchased a wild turkey, was extolling the goodness of wild food in general, and observed that in proportion to the agility of any animal, so was his meat the better. A wit replied, "*Fleas* must be excellent then."

On application of the friends of Sheriff Parkins, the Chancellor has granted a commission to D. S. Jones and C. Graham, Esquires, Counsellors at Law, and Cyrus Perkins and John Stearns, Doctors of Medicine, to inquire and report as to the sanity or insanity of that eccentric individual.

A Dandy with a cigar in his mouth, on board a steam-boat, once stept up to a stranger, and said, "Pray sir, do gentlemen smoke in your country?" "*Gentlemen* don't smoke in any country," was the laconic answer.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF A YOUNG WOMAN BY HER PARENTS.

Yesterday, at the public office, Bow street, a young woman, named Elizabeth Hunter, was charged before Sir F. Roe by Mr. Thomas, superintendent of police, with having been found concealed in the back yard of the house No. 7, in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden. The girl was discovered huddled up in a corner of the yard, with an old piece of green baize wrapt around her shoulders, and her appearance was filthy and wretched in the extreme. She stated to the persons who found her in that state that she had escaped across the adjoining wall to avoid a beating from her mother who lived in the next house, and who had also threatened to be her up in the kitchen. She further complained of a series of gross ill-usage on the part of her father and mother, and rumors to that effect having been for a long time spread among the neighbors, a communication was forwarded to the station-house in Bow street, and the following investigation was the result:

Mr. Thomas having been sworn, stated that on Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, he received information that a young woman had scaled the wall of the house No. 6 Maiden-lane, and that she was then in the yard of the house No. 7, in a state of great misery and destitution. He immediately sent some constables to the house, with directions to bring the young woman to the station, and she was soon after brought before him. She had no other clothing than a chemise and gown, and she appeared to have suffered very much from ill treatment and neglect. She appeared also to be in a state of terror, and assigned as a reason for escaping from her father's house, that she had been treated most cruelly by her parents. Mr. Thomas added, that upon hearing this statement he deemed it necessary that the father and mother of the girl should attend before the magistrates, and he had procured their attendance accordingly. Several of their neighbors were also present and ready to depose to their ill treatment which the young woman had experienced while living under her father's roof.

Sir F. Roe desired that the father and mother of the young woman should stand forward, and they accordingly came in front of the Bench, accompanied by another daughter, who was dressed in a style of comfort that presented a strong contrast to the half-naked and miserable appearance of her unfortunate sister. The father and mother had all the appearance of being comfortably off in the world. The countenance of the latter was exceedingly harsh and ill-favored, and it was observed that her favorite daughter bore her a strong resemblance.

Sir F. Roe desired that the young woman should be sworn, when her father stepped forward and said she was not to believed on her oath. The magistrate observed, however, that he would be the best judge of that, and desired the oath to be administered.

Sir F. Roe then proceeded to question her. She stated that she was 20 years of age, and daughter of John Hunter, now present, who kept a cheesemonger's shop at No. 8 Maiden-lane, where her mother, brother, and sister also resided. On Saturday evening last, she escaped from the house by scaling the yard wall in consequence of having been beaten by her mother for taking food from a cupboard, because she was hungry. The scratches on her face and neck were the marks of her mother's nails.—She sometimes went without food, and her mother was daily in the habit of beating her. She was afraid to complain, and indeed had no opportunity of making her situation known, as she had not been permitted to leave the house since last September, 12 months, when she was allowed to go to church with her grandfather, who came to town for a few days. She was made to do all the drudgery and hard work in the house, while her sister was required to do the light work only. For the last five months she had been locked up in the back kitchen, and was never allowed to be seen by any stranger, nor suffered to leave her place of confinement but when she was required to perform her daily drudgery.—Her bed was composed of a piece of sacking, and her only covering was a piece of thin baize. There were some young men lodgers in the house, but she never saw them, and whenever she went to clean out the shop, some one was always with her to prevent her escaping into the street. She was never permitted on any occasion to take her meals or associate with the rest of the family, and the reason which her mother gave for beating her was, that she did not do the work to her liking, although she always did her best. On Saturday last, after working hard, she was allowed nothing but a piece of brown bread, and she went to the cupboard and cut a slice of bacon, when her mother beat her with a cane across the shoulders, and threatened to tie her up with a rope in the kitchen. She concluded by declaring that she had suffered this ill treatment, as described for nearly three years.

Sir F. Roe asked if any witnesses were present to corroborate her statement, and several persons residing in the adjoining houses pressed forward to give their evidences.

A respectable-looking woman, named Morgan, was then sworn. She stated that she knew Hunter, and his wife, and had frequently heard the neighbors complain of the cruel manner in which the girl now present was treated. About three months ago she spoke to the mother on the subject, and expressed surprise that she never saw Betsey about the house. The mother replied that she had gone into the country for a holiday. Witness had frequently heard the sound of blows accompanied by cries proceeding from Hunter's house. On one occasion she saw a girl in a miserable plight, knowing it bore which she had picked up in the back yard.—She spoke to her sister respecting her, but the answer she received was, to trouble her head about her own business.

Mr. Sanderson stated, that he kept the houses Nos. 6 and 7, in Maiden-lane. He had also heard of the cruel manner in which Hunter and his wife were in the habit of using their eldest daughter; and on one occasion, about six months ago, his servant came to the parlour where he and his sister were sitting, and asked them to go up stairs and see the deplorable condition of Mr. Hunter's daughter, who was standing in the back area without shoes or stockings. Witness did not see her on that occasion, but a few days after he saw her in the area, just as she had finished cleaning it, without shoes or stockings, and a piece of sacking about her shoulders. The girl seemed frightened on perceiving that she was seen, and ran into the kitchen.

Mary Wing, wife of John Wing, of No. 7 Maiden-lane, proved that she lived in that house about two years. When she first went there she frequently heard the cries of a female begging her mother to have mercy on her. In August last she saw the poor girl now present washing some butter-cloths in the back yard. She was dressed just as she now appeared, and she seemed quite neglected and wretched. Witness felt for the situation of the girl, and remonstrated with her mother respecting her cruel treatment. From that time until the present she never saw the girl by any chance.

Several more of the neighbors were pressing forward to speak, but

Sir F. Roe observed, that at present he had heard quite enough to call upon the father of the girl for an explanation of conduct which appeared to be both cruel and unnatural. The fact of the girl having been shamefully ill-treated was sufficiently proved by the evidence of the witnesses, and indeed her appearance, contrasted with that of her sister, was sufficient in itself to show that the grossest partiality, which nothing would sanction, had been shown to one sister to the prejudice of the other.

Hunter.—There is some little difference, I admit, in their appearance; but—

Sir F. Roe.—Don't talk to me about a little difference. Every person must see that a great distinction has been made in the treatment of your daughters. A *prima facie* case of evident ill-treatment and gross cruelty has been made out against you, and you are now called upon to answer it.

Hunter then proceeded to state, that to his knowledge the girl had experienced no ill usage whatever. He had kept her at a good school until she was 15 years of age, and wished to bring her up in a moral and religious manner, but her habits were always sly, and they grew worse as she got older, until at last she would steal almost every thing she had her hands on.

Sir F. Roe.—For what purpose could she steal, when she was never permitted to leave the house?

Hunter.—I can't say, I'm sure; but she was in the habit of stealing her mother's sweetmeats and other things.

Sir F. Roe.—Admitted for a moment that she is the girl you describe, of which, however, there is no proof, what has that to do with putting her to sleep in a back kitchen, without a bed or sufficient clothing, in this inclement season?

Mrs. Hunter, who had frequently endeavored to address the bench and interrupted the witnesses, now pushed her husband aside, and, in a sharp tone said, that "the girl" had never slept lower than the first floor, as to her alleged ill treatment it was all false.

Sir F. Roe.—How comes it then that she is dressed so differently from her sister?

Mrs. Hunter.—She can be dressed like her sister if she pleases. She has clothes enough at home if she likes to put them on.

Sir F. Roe.—Can you name any person who saw her dressed better than she now is since the month of August last?

Hunter.—The fact is, her conduct has been such that we have been obliged to keep her to the house otherwise she would surely come to prostitution, or be brought for thieving to the bar of the Old Bailey.

Sir F. Roe.—Have you any witness to prove that you have ever given that as a reason for keeping her locked up for five months in a back kitchen?

Hunter said, he had a witness who could speak to the girl's character.

A Mrs. Gormon, of No 7, Cross-court, Bow-street was then sworn, but her evidence merely went to show that three years ago she lived in Hunter's house, and had not called there for the last year and a half. She knew that seven years ago the girl was treated as one of the family, and that she was obstinate and perverse in her temper. She knew nothing of her recent treatment, never having called on the wife.

Sir F. Roe (to Hunter.)—The girl may have been obstinate, but still you have not clothed her properly, and you permitted your wife to beat her in a manner highly improper for a girl of her years.

Mrs. Hunter explained that the beating she gave the girl on Saturday was merely with a cane no thicker than a wheat straw. She gave her four or six little "switches" with it across the neck and shoulders because she answered her in a saucy manner. She denied in general terms, the charges of cruelty, and said that she never beat the girl except for her own misconduct.

Mr. Halls here observed, that he was the first when she was first taken to the station, and the filthy and neglected manner in which she then appeared was disgraceful to any family, let her faults be what they might.

Mr. Grove, a county magistrate, said that the appearance of the sisters was so dissimilar, that no person could suppose that they belonged to the same parents. He then directed the constable's daughter to draw off her kid gloves, and exhibit her hand beside that of her sister. The contrast was striking in the extreme, for while one exhibited no signs whatever of hard work, the palm of the other appeared covered with a thick horny substance, which was cracked in several places. The tips of the fingers were also puffed and swollen, and the nails appeared literally ground to the quick.

Sir F. Roe said, that it was always difficult to say how far parental authority should be carried, but in this instance every one must come to the conclusion that cruelty, the most unjustifiable, had been used. Such conduct could not be suffered any longer, and he therefore directed that the girl should for the present be taken care of in the workhouse of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, with directions that her conduct there should be strictly watched, in order to ascertain if there was any ground for the charges advanced against her by her parents. If those charges should prove to be false, the probability was that the father would be prosecuted against by indictment or otherwise. In the mean time he called upon him to enter into sureties in the amount of £100, for the appearance of himself, and wife at that office on next Wednesday week.

The girl was then handed over to the parish officers, and Hunter having entered into the required bail left the office, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Sports of the Turf.

LIST OF RACES TO COME.

May 14—*Central Course*, Baltimore.

A silver cup of the cost of $500, and a purse of not less amount—a sweepstakes amounting to three thousand dollars—proprietor's purse $500—Jockey Club purse $1000—a sweepstakes for Maryland and District of Columbia colts, for $700; making in the week, besides match races which may be made.

Cup and $500,	$1000
Match,	1000
Sweepstakes,	2000
Ditto,	3000
Proprietor's purse,	500
Jockey Club purse,	1000
	$7500

May

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE TRAVELLER,
AND
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,
A Family Journal, devoted to News, Literature, Mirth, Sports of the Field, and General Information.

BY CHARLES J. B. FISHER,
Brother to Miss Clara Fisher.

THIS varied weekly Newspaper, which was established in 1831, has now risen to an extensive circulation, and a most flattering popularity, while its rapid increase of patronage, it is confidently hoped, has been met with a corresponding spirit of exertion.

Those who love the *Sports of the field*, will find in its columns an ample *field for their sports*: the Angler will meet with plenty of amusement in *his line*: the Gunner may read, or record all that is worth *powder and shot*: and the Racer, we trust, will be as much gratified with *our* course, as his own, when he has seen both *in the long run*.

Politics and party feelings are totally excluded:—from a conviction that the merry tale, or the laughing jest, will cement the bonds of fellowship better than the angry discussion of those topics on which the wisest and best may differ,—and it is therefore confidently hoped that the plan of avoiding all politics, will be deemed the most politic plan.

A regular communication has been established with Europe, by which the latest papers and the most approved periodicals will supply our columns with all that is interesting abroad—while our many correspondents in all parts of the Union, daily furnish us with some fresh matter that concerns or amuses us at home;—so that in foreign affairs, we hope our readers will always find themselves at home, while in Domestic News we trust we shall never be abroad.

Literature—Works of Art—and the Drama, will always command the strictest attention. For Literature should be regarded as the *picture of our advancement*, and Works of Art be always attended to for the *advancement of our pictures*;—while the Drama, which most persons consider *a play-thing*, will with us always meet the most serious attention.

This paper is of the largest size, and printed with new and elegant type. It is issued every Saturday, and forwarded to country subscribers by the very earliest mails.

Advertisers will find its columns a most desirable medium of publicity, as they not only circulate extensively over the City, but traverse the Union from Maine to Missouri—while all the latest news regarding internal communications, will be given for the guidance and information both of strangers and travellers.

Merriment and Sport are the antidotes we propose for melancholy, but as every situation in life has its cares, it will be our endeavor to lighten those of our friends, by a copious mixture of amusement and mirth—yet so tempered, that while its exertion is to make sorrow smile, it shall never cause propriety to grieve.

Price Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Office No. 20 Nassau-street.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, May 11, 1833.

A CHAPTER ON CHANCE.

"You may see my son with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the Earth are governed,"—said Oxenstien to his son,—and who that looks around and sees how oddly men and things are managed but must say to himself "all this must come by *chance*." And so it is. The Heathen Deity called Fate or Chance, exercises more control over the affairs of this Christian mundane world, than orthodox theologists will readily allow. When power circles the brow of folly, self-esteem whispers us,—this is all chance. When roguery wins a main on honesty,—Chance must throw the dice. Chance, like all Tyrants, adopts a system o Conscript Laws while millions swell her ranks, and give her sway, per force:—the idle trust to *chance* for their daily bread: the Gambler stakes his all, and trusts to *chance*:—the discarded Lover builds on some lucky *chance* his hope of success,—while Knaves and Kings continue their career of imposition in the desperate *chance* that their tricks will not be found out. The Merchant risks his wealth and trusts to *chance* to double it—the Subaltern joins the forlorn hope, for the *chance* of a company:—while the Tradesman lights up his store in the mere hope of *chance* customers. Chance was—is—and ever will be our ruling planet,—and however we may wish to doubt it, all ages of the world's history prove it to be but too true. Nature, we allow, bestows on all men in their birth, an idiosyncrasy, mental or corporeal,—yet *chance* takes on herself more or less the power of developement. The ranks of every army contain numerous Alexanders if *chance* in her father-ing mood had given them a Philip;—nor are our schools of Philosophy yet so barren of genius but they could get up a Newton now and then if chance would change the gravity of the apple, and make it occasionally fall upwards.

This doctrine of chance is now, we trust, like school books, "made easy to the meanest capacity,"—and thus we clearly perceive that it is not their talents, but the circumstances in which they are placed, that make men good or great, wise, or other-wise. Think you Columbus would enjoy such an exclusive fame for discovery, if the world had been grown with as many quarters as an orange?—or would the Monk who found out the manufasture of powder been rendered so immortal, if *chance* at the same time had taught another how to catch the bullets? Certainly not,—contingents were in their favor,—Chance dropped a laurel, and their heads—being star-gazing—stood in the way and caught it. If then 'twere a matter of chance, wherein lies the merit? One thing never yet was two things,—except Farinnelli's singing, which was both vocal and *instrumental* in restoring the king of Spain.

"Men are the sport of circumstances,—when
"The circumstances seem the sport of men."

The Phœnix would rarely be spoken of, if chance had sent more than one into the world at a time. The memory of Leonidas would have been buried with his Spartans if there had been as many passes in Thermopile as in Fencing. Nor would the drowsy effigies of quiet Kings be now seen crowned with laurel, but that *chance* gave Julius Cæsar a bald pate. Even the Battle of Waterloo would lose its distinctiveness, if the mad Kings of Europe would *chance* to fight one three times a week. And the Smithfield Martyrs would not have had their immortal *chance* to prove they could stand fire, but that their persecutors by chance were fond of having all *their joints roasted*.

MASQUERADING LAWYERS.

At the very elegant Masquerade which took place some few years ago at the Park Theatre the celebrated Lawyer M——— had a hint given him, by which he recognised a brother of the cloth from a remote town in Connecticut, and "albeit unused" to such gay doings. "Why how could you find me out?" said the "Down Easter,"—"Oh! my dear, fellow, you are very easily *found out*." "Why I'm not known in New York!" "Just step with me," said M———, into the coffee saloon, and I'll bet you a supper & champaigne that the first six persons that come hall recognise you although masked!" The bet was made, when unperceived by the tyro, M——— had a label, and easily fastened it to his loose Domino—some strangers coming in, M——— (who is always for a joke)—said "Gentlemen, be so good as look round our friend here in the mask, and recognise him?"—they accordingly did so, & he passed read the label "John T. D——, (Law) ——town, Connecticut," My dear John T. D——, in a terrible fantigue—do you know me very well—don't say a any one—if it should get wind, I be last of it—and if I am so easily it will be thought of me—Down

Vauxhall Garden to-morrow selection of sacred music, brilliantly illuminated.—s are admirably fitted for s an excellent choir to

For the Traveller and Times.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

A TRUE STORY.

The following incidents are perfectly true, and three of the party concerned, are still living to attest them.

Not many years ago, there resided in the city of Dublin, four brothers, namely—Mathew, Dudley, George, and Thomas Moore. During the earlier part of the present century, the first purchased a commission in the 39th Infantry, and was ordered to the continent with his regiment—shortly after the second was missing, and in vain was every inquiry to discover what had become of him, so that at the commencement of our narrative, the two latter were all that still remained.

Upon the night of the 16th of May, 1811, these two—George and Thomas, had sat up together till nearly twelve o'clock, in the house of the former, when Thomas took his leave, and George with his family retired to rest. Scarcely however, had the light been extinguished, when they were aroused by a voice from without, shouting in a deep and hollow tone—

"George—George—George."

"Who, in heaven's name can that be, said George?"

"It's Tom, to be sure," replied his wife, "he has been unable to knock them up at home, and is coming here to sleep."

"Very likely indeed, but how mournfully he calls," I'll go open the door myself.

So saying he sprung from the bed, and was preparing to dress, when the voice was heard immediately at the door of the bedroom, repeating in the same measured, mournful tones.

"George—George, George."

By H—it is my brother Dudly himself, ejaculated George, but how in the name of Mercy did he get into the house."—"Dudley come in." The word was scarcely uttered when the door opened, and that deep voice again repeated in a tone yet more impressive, and unearthly than before; and while passing as it were close by the ear of the man it named

"George—George—George."

A deep, melancholy sigh followed the sounds—the door closed slowly, and all was silent.

"Did you hear it then Maria?"

"Most certainly I did, and saw the door closing in the moonlight."

"Then," replied her-husband, it cannot be mere imagination—I trust all is right with poor Dudley.

"Amen," said Maria, but I fear he is dead.

The next day the circumstance was mentioned to several people—some laughed at it, others marvelled, but the ladies of course, all came to the conclusion, that it was either a "death warning," or an actual ghost in *propria persona*.

Dudley Moore, had been a wild, high-blooded, young callant, emulous of seeking his fortune at the cannons mouth, but circumstances intervening betwixt his will and his ability, he was compelled to remain at business. This he did with a passable grace enough, until he saw his brother in his "scarlet and gold," embarking for foreign service; but after that, the Military mania so grew upon him, that he neglected every thing else, and one morning, having some altercation with a friend on the subject, he left his home, and during his hour of excitement listed in the Twenty eighth of foot, which was forthwith ordered on foreign duty.

At this time the majority of British troops on the continent, were in Spain; and on the morning of the 15th May, 1811, there was a general review of them on the Plains of Albuera, soon fated to be the cite of one of the bloodiest fights on record. Among the other regiments the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-ninth were present, and during the parade, Mathew first saw his brother Dudley in the ranks—first knew he was a soldier.

For some time previous to this, provisions had been very scarce in the camp, and it was customary for the officers to sanction, or even accompany the private men in their depredations on the village farmers, in order to improve the condition of their bills of fare. For the purpose of putting a check to this evil, a very strict general order had lately been issued, that no officer under any pretence whatever, should, directly, or indirectly hold converse with a private soldier.

In consequence of this order, Matthew was unable to recognize Dudley in public, but when the parade was dismissed, he found means to slip a note into his hands, requesting an interview with him that evening in a field adjacent to the mess tent.—Evening arrived, and Dudley was there, but just as the brothers were embracing, a superior officer who had been a long time on bad terms with Mat, entered the field.

"Lieutenant Moore," said he, "this is in contradiction to the most pointed order of the Commander in Chief,"—consider yourself under an arrest.

"This is my brother sir," replied Moore.

"Sir, there were no exceptions in the command, besides, being your brother, you might perchance be able to make the more profitable use of him."

"Captain Emmery," said Moore, slowly relaxing his hand from his brother's, you have sought many opportunities of thwarting me before, but never dared an insult till now—Never was a better time or place, for the termination of our quarrels, and so sir, if you are not the coward I esteem you, draw."

Thus saying, the challenger plucked his weapon from its scabbard, and placed himself in attitude.—Emmery, however, had no stomach for the fight, but with a sarcastic sneer said, he "never drew on prisoners," which so enraged the other, that he struck him with the flat of his sword on the shoulder, then taking leave of his brother, proceeded to the camp. Here the other officer had arrived before him, and preferred his complaint—Moore explained the circumstances, and others relative to the terms on which he stood with Emmery. His brother officers sympathised with him, on account of the peculiarities of his situation, but in accordance with his duty, the colonel was obliged to put him under an arrest. However, as a set off, he also confined Emmery for his cowardice, in refusing the challange, it being at that period, considered a crime of the first magnitude in the British army.

Meanwhile the enemy had made advances—before day break the signal trumpets roused to arms—the prisoners were released, for the time being, to take their shares in the fortunes of the day, and in a little while all individual concerns were drowned, in the beat of drum, the roar of cannon, and the whirl of carnage that followed.

The fight was long and fearful, but at length the shades of evening intervened between the combatants, and the battle ground was left to the repose of the dead. On his return to the camp, Matthew Moore, who had escaped unhurt through the perils of the day, had liberty extended to him to enquire about his brother—the muster roll was called, but Dudley was missing, he sought him among the wounded—alas! he was not even there, on the field his search was more successful, he found him under a pile of bodies newly dead—his agonies had been of short duration, one musket bullet had crashed through his brain, and another through his heart.

This took place on the evening of the 16th of May 1811, so that at the time that George Moore and his wife, heard his voice in their house in the city of Dublin. Dudley was lying stark and dead, on the red plains of Albuera.

Matthew Moore and Emery were afterwards tried in England, and both convicted. Whether Emery's conduct, and the succeeding events, operated on the mind of the members of the court martial, it is hard to say, but he was cashiered for cowardice, while Moore was merely sentenced to join the second batalion of the [Sixtieth Rifles, then lying in Jamaica. This however had such an effect on him that he lived a broken hearted life for some years, and was at length, during an insurrection of the slaves in 1811, was found murdered in his bed—and there was such an appearance of satisfaction on his features in death that it was thought his last feelings must have been thanks to his murderer for his kindness.

J. M.

ITEMS.

BREAKING THE SEAL.—A new post office has been established at Collville, on the Port Kent and Hopkinton road—Miss Anne *Loverin*, Post Mistress. We recommend all young ladies and gentlemen who remit letters of a tender nature in that direction, to send them under as much disguise as possible, for there is no knowing to what extent a lady's curiosity may carry her; and indeed if we believe the half of what is repeated about them, we think it more than probable that Miss *Loverin* will leave no stone untorned to find all other *lovers out*.

A HARD CASE.—A Mr. *Flint*, a clerk in a respectable house in Philadelphia, was charged by one Daniel McCormack, a watchman of the same city—first, for being drunk in Lombard street—and, secondly, for running up against him, (McCormick) with such violence that he actually struck fire from his ribs. *Flint* was fined and discharged, but at the same time recommended never to walk the street for the future more than *half cocked*.

A FOG.—When a certain member of Congress, famous for the stupidity of his speeches, was lost in a fog, it was said he was lost in a fog without being *mist*, (missed.)

An Irishman being asked by a Caladonian, what was meant by Irish impudence, briskly replied, Scotch modesty.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a man in the Hospital, like a Soldier on guard?

Because he's *Sent-in-ill*.

When is an Umbrella not an Umbrella?

When it's *dripping*!

Why is a good ship like an unhappy Welchman?

Because it has no *leak*.

Why should a man be contented while drowning at sea!

Because he's well off *in the main*.

The London Times states that Strawberries made their first appearance at Covent Gaden (Market) on the 25th March, and were sold at the moderate price of sixty cents per ounce,—and that Green Peas also on that day were sold at ten shillings sterling for a small punnet of 80 pods, which is at the rate of three cents for each pea. Such peas should be eaten with a pitchfork, for they are too costly for a spoonful. At such an early date these were certainly singular articles to be in the market,—but the paper omits to name another extraordinary thing, namely, that they had an abundant supply of *Green Geesens* purchasers.

A public meeting took place in London on the 26th March on behalf of the Polish Exiles, when not only the popular English Orators held forth on the wrongs and sorrows of the land of Kosciusko, but many of her own brave, but unhappy sons,—among whom were Niemcewiez, (the Poet,) and Turr the Chancellor of the Polish Diet. But what rendered the scene more singular still was the presence of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who not only proposed one of the resolutions but descanted at considerable length on the shelter which England afforded to exiled Foreigners. It is a novel feature in European matters to find a Bonaparte haranguing a British public meeting, and that too in praise of Polish resistance of imperial tyranny.

SPELL IT WITH AN F.

A young man of very diffident manners and apparently a little sheepish, was sitting in the cabin of the Ohio last week, when a young lady who was evidently on great terms with herself and fancied her pretty head,—Greek cap and all, was one largely developed organ of wit, thought it great sport to make him the butt of her pleasantry,—but tastes will differ, and he did not seem to think it pleasant at all.

When the attendant came to ask him the name that was on his baggage, he replied "Lieut. Ule, of the Navy,"—and the lady wit very politely inquired,—"does the gentlemen spell it with an F?"—the by-standers laughed heartily,—the nigger had his snigger,—but the Lieutenant's brow and eye looked mightily like an old bruise,—somewhat black and blue;—when the wit, finding she had proceeded a *leetle* too far,—said, "really I am too bad, but its all owing to the flattery of my friends, in saying they love to see me rail!" "Do they spell it with an F—Ma'am? said the Lieut.—and rising, bowed and retired.

CATS AND DOGS.

Our Comic Song of the Cats and Dogs has had but a Cat and Dog sort of life, having been *bit* by *bit*, *scratched* out of our establishment and transferred to other hands without marking our name on the collar.

Twenty or thirty of our exchange papers have returned it to us with their acknowledgement in black and white, but our friends of the Charleston Mercury, omitting our long name though they copied our long song, made it appear as their own, for in the Baltimore Visitor, and Chronicle, it is printed as from the Mercury. As we exchange with both, they might as well have drawn it from the original store as wait to have it second hand from Charleston. But as we shall next week be a "Baltimore Visitor" ourselves, we shall be very happy to "Chronicle" some of their good things in return, and only ask our friends of the Mercury to "render unto *scissors* the things that are the *scissors*."

Ingenious Etymology.—An Etymological friend of ours, who if we did not know him to be "native here, and to the manner born" we should feel satisfied was a foreigner because his derivatives are so *far-fetched*,—undertook to prove the startling position that Frederick the Great, of Prussia was originally an Irishman, and bore the national *pat*-tronymic—Pat! *Pat*, said he,—is of course the same as *Patrick*,—which in the vernacular is pronounced *Paderigue*, or *Phaderigue*. When his family passed over into Germany they half adopted the Prussian name *Federigo*,—which as they became better acquainted with the language, they pronounced *Frederigo*,—and as the Prusso-Hibernio rose in society, he adopted the more genteel sound of *Fredirigo*, which on the throne was transmogrified into *Fredereck*!—the Great!—Pro-di-gious!

☞ The trotting at the Harlaem Park Course is postponed to the 22d instant, in consequence of the trotting at Philadelphia, commencing on the 14th instant.

For the "Traveller."

May has come, "rosy, and smiling, and freed, like a young widow who has just buried an old husband." The steamboats are all finely fixed—old lines and new lines—rail roads in good order—Niblo's Garden opened with many improvements—the "Traveller" is read every where, and keeps up with the *spirit of the times*—LYNCH, at the *Tastched Cottage*, Jersey City, is lively and flourishing: all the world go there, citizens and soldiers, boat clubs and fishing parties. Every body knows *Lynch*, late of the Castle Garden. His walks are handsomely put in order for the season, and his "*Tastched House*" arranged in "*apple-pie*" order for the reception of company. Who will say that New-York cannot boast of more beautiful public resorts in her vicinity than any other city in the Union?

KNICKERBACKER.

For the Traveller and Times.

YOU MUST EXCUSE ME; IT'S MY WAY.

Dining at the York hotel, where a numerous party was assembled, S— R——, the comedian, and several of his brothers of the sock and busk in grouped themselves towards the lower end of the table.

This arrangement was quickly perceived by one of those amateur critics, would-be literaries, who are the pest of all public companies, indeed of all companies into which they can get admission.—Fellows with no more brains than a squeezed turnip, and who "gabble monstrously."

Now, this fellow, who yielded neither in folly or assurance to any of his *caste*, no sooner perceived the arrangement, than he determined (though utterly unknown) to make one of the party. In this he succeeded, was politely received, and all went on well till the fruit came on table.

He then preluded a discourse, with which it was his evident intention to astonish, if not to enlighten his auditors, by one or two gross remarks upon actors is general. Against this violation of decorum S— R—— remonstrated, but in the mildest terms. The remonstrance, however, seemed to take effect. He was quiet for a time, and Sam, who is known to be one of the best dinner companions in England, began, as usual to play the first fiddle.

Indeed, considering the convivial talents of R——we are not surprised he sat still for some hours, when the small-beer began to phiz, out flew the cork, and an explosion took place. Leaning across the table, in tones by no means modulated to the purposes of privacy, our would-be thus addressed R——.

"By God, Mr. R——, you are one of the most facetious pleasant agreeable fellows, I ever met in my life. (R—— bowed, the room became silent.) How is it then that so clever a man can be such a damned stupid actor (attention became intent.)—Excuse me; it's my way. But you are, without exception, I think, the worst actor I ever saw. You must forgive me now, 'tis my way. There's your famous Jerry Sneak; 'tis no more like Jerry Sneak than Tam. You see I tell you my mind very freely. But you must excuse me; 'tis my way."

Thus he went on for a long time interlarding his comments with "You must excuse me; 'tis my way;" until those present began to suspect Sam intended to play Jerry in real life. 'Tis true the critic was one of the six-foots; but Sam was thought to be a man who never respected the thews or sinews of an antagonist. At length, the discourse being ended, Sam called for his hat, and having filled it with all the nut-shells he could obtain without leaving his seat, he addressed the self-created critic. "Pray, Sir, would you be pleased to let me have your nut shells." These were accorded, when Sam finding his hat heaped, placed it on the table. Then taking one of his shells between his finger and thumb, he discharged it at the tip of the critic's nose, where it took immediate effect. This was followed by eight or ten more, in such rapid succession, as to preclude, for the moment, the possibility of remonstrance. Roused, at lenghth, by the shower, which Sam never allowed for an instant to cease, the fellow roared out, "God's blood, Sir, you are pelting me with your nut shells." "He! he! he! I know I am," says R——, "But you must excuse me; 'tis my way." The critic now rose from his chair, and got into the centre of the room, followed by R——, still keeping up "a close and well-directed fire," as our dispatches have it. "What's the matter with you, man." He! he! he! you had your way just now, and a very disagreeable way it was. This is mine, and a *most* disagreeable one. "But you must excuse me; 'tis my way."

Thus he continued amidst the laughter of all present, stopping the fellow's mouth with a nut-shell every time he attempted to speak, till he fairly pelted him out of the room, at the door of which he emptied his hat upon the critic's head, exclaiming, "You must excuse me; 'tis my way."

We have a true modern illustration of the ancient fabled Phœnix, in the persons of Kipp and Brown.—We all too well know, and too deeply lament the recent destruction of their property by fire, but like the prototype, they seem to rise up again from their own ashes. We rejoice to see their names once more moving along Broadway on many a convenient omnibus, and we sincerely hope our fellow citizens will lend them a *hand*; by setting *foot* in their fresh carriages. Such an evidence of indomitable industry ought to be cherished, and such a misfortune as their's calls loudly for the sympathy of all.

For the Traveller and Times.

TO ——— ———.

As green summer leaves in the fountain that dip
Draw bloom from the water and life from the tree,
The smile that is dimpling around thy ripe lip,
Owes life to my passion and beauty to thee.

For thou, sweet dissembler! can'st laugh when the pain
That my bosom feels for thee speaks out in a sigh;
And thy heart cares as little for love as the rain
On earth for its own proper home in the sky.

Oh trifle no more! but as Juno be proud,
Or as Dian be cold, and I will not despond:—
For who would despair at the sight of a cloud
If his eye met the flash of a planet beyond!

E. L.

TRIAL OF THE REV. EPHRAIM K. AVERY.

Newport, R. I., Monday, May 6

The Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, before his Honor Chief Justice Samuel Eddy, Judges Charles Brayton and Job Durfee, assembled this morning at the hour of ten.

The Council for the State in this prosecution, are General Albert C. Greene, Attorney General; the Hon. J. D. Pearce of Newport, and William R. Staples, Esq. of Providence. Those retained for the prisoner, are, Richard K. Randolph, Esq. of Newport, the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, of Boston; J. Turner, Esq., Henry Y Cranston, Esq. both of Newport; and ——— Blake Esq. of Bristol.

Shortly after the Judges and Council had taken their seats, the prisoner was brought in; he bowed to each, and sat at the Council-table with perfect self-possession, which was not however characterised by any unbecoming confidence of demeanor, but appeared rather the result of great mental firmness. In point of health, he seems to have suffered severely since his arraignment in March last: his face is greatly attenuated, and its complexion might almost be described as cadaverous.

The Attorney General then moved that "the Trial do now proceed." The Chief Justice enquired if there existed any objection on the part of the prisoner. Mr. Randolph for the prisoner, submitted the propriety of forming a panel at large, and from distant parts of the country. The Chief Justice left the matter to the discretion of the Sheriff. An addition of 48 Jurors was then ordered to the present 15, of which the prisoner will be allowed a peremptory challenge of 20.

In order that the case should come fully and fairly before the public, it was agreed between the Court, the Council and all the reporters for the public press, that no notes or minutes of evidence should be published until the Jury had pronounced their Verdict. The Court adjourned till 9 o'clock Tuesday. At the finish of these preliminaries only three Jurors had been sworn, but the full panel had been obtained.

EAGLE COURSE.

TRENTON, N. J.

The Spring Races over the Eagle Course at Trenton came off on Tuesday the 30th April.—The course was excessively dusty and heavy, and the weather unusually warm for the season, the *heat* will therefore be considered first rate when those facts are taken into consideration—The following are the results of each days race.

FIRST DAY—2 Mile heats, 4 Entries.

Mr. Badgers—Lady Lancaster c. m. by Jno Richards dam by Sir Solomon 4 years old. 101lb. 1, 1,
Mr. Vanlears—Ripley; c. h. by Sir Charles, dam Betsey Robinson—5 years old, 114lb 2 2
Mr. Reeds—Empress; b. m. by Henry dam Nel by Duroc; 4 yrs. old 101lb. 3 4
Mr. J. H. Holmes—Mark Richards, c. h. by Jno. Richards, dam by Revenge, 6 yrs. old 121lb. 4 3

Before starting Ripley was taken against the field.

1st Heat—Ripley took the lead, and was passed by Lady Lancaster on the 2d mile.—Mark Richards and Empress laying back.—Heat won by Lady Lancaster in 3, 54. Mark Richards barely saving his distance.

2d heat—Bets now ran in favor of Mark Richards against the field. Lady Lancaster led off, closely followed by Empress and Mark Richards.—Ripley dropping back, but on the last half of 2 mile it was discovered that mark could not crowd the mare up to her speed, and Ripley then made a dash for the heat but it was too late—Lady Lancaster won by a neck. Time 3, 52.

SECOND DAY—3 Mile heats—3 Entries.

Mr. J. H. Van Mater's—Jackson b. h. by Jno. Richards, dam Honesty, C ... old—121lb. 1 2 dead 1
Mr. B. Badger's—Uncle Sam—c. h. by Jno. Richards dam by Oscar 5 yrs. old: 114lb. 3 1 dead 2
Mr. Vanlears—Virginia Taylor, b m. by Archy dam by Archy 6 yrs. old 118lb. 2 3 3 ruled out

When the horses came upon the ground all appeared in such fine condition that there was no favorite; and consequently the field was not given for any heavy bets.—It was one against another, and each for himself.—

1st heat—At the signal they all went off together; an excellent start; Virginia Taylor leading for the first two miles—Jackson close upon her; and Uncle Sam in waiting within distance—On the 3d mile half round—Jackson made a dash, passed the mare and won the heat by a length—Time—6, 1.

Jackson was now taken against the field and bets freely offered and Taken.

2d heat—The horses this time were off nearer together if possible than before—Virginia Taylor running ahead only to the first turn and then held back.—Uncle Sam and Jackson went to work from the first inch.—There seemed to be no choice—scarcely half a length were they apart on any round and at the last quarter Jackson had the greatest advantage—it was believed he must win the heat—Virginia now began to look ahead a little, and made a strong effort to get with them, as they near the stand it was "who and who" between Jackson and Uncle Sam, all was breathless anxiety—they pass the Judges, Uncle Sam leading about 8 inches—and Virginia Taylor a length behind.

3d heat.—During the interval for rubbing off for this heat, there appeared to be as much doubt as before the first heat, many supposing the mare had "played shy," and would now probably make the blood of the sire "tell." Bets were, however, offered variously—Uncle Sam a little the favorite. As in the other heats they got off together—Uncle Sam and Jackson went to work again, and ran head and head, the spectators straining their eyesight to catch a glimpse of them through the immense clouds of dust.

On the last quarter they again became visible, and whip and spur were industriously applied.—All was anxiety, and a thrill of intense interest and delight passed through the crowd as they approached—the judges watching the coming out with the greatest precision. The horses go by—neither have it—a dead heat! Virginia Taylor two lengths behind.

Time—6 4

4th heat.—The mare being now ruled out, the contest lay between the two Richards; and as both had shown game, it was like drawing straws for a choice. Bets were very lively, and no preference given to either horse. The heat was run very nearly as the last. The strongest play was made on the straight side on coming in—both parties were very sanguine as to the result, which was favorable to Jackson, beating his antagonist by only *half a neck*, which cannot be considered a discreditable distance for the 12th mile.

Time, 6 10

Yours Respectfully,

B.

A Moral Distinction.—An Irish horse-dealer sold a fine blood-mare, warranting her sound wind and limb, and without fault. The purchaser, on her being sent home, found, upon examination, that the sight of one of her eyes was quite gone. Upon this he waited upon the dealer, and desired that she might be taken back and the purchare-money returned,—reminding the seller that he declared the mare to be without fault. "To be sure, my dear, I did," replied Paddy; "*blindness* is not the poor creature's *fault*, but her *misfortune*."

RESULT OF THE TREE HILL RACES.

Throughout the Races the track was extremely heavy from the quantity of rain that had fallen.

FIRST DAY.—24th April.

Sweepstake—5 sub. $200—mile heats, 3 years old.

Ro. Stanard, b. c. by Tonson,	1 1
A. Robinson's b. f.	2 2
W. H. Rose, s. c. dis'd, bolted and threw rider at start—Time, 1. 57.	

SECOND DAY.

Proprietor's Purse—$300—*two mile heats.*

W. Wynn's g. m. Mary Randolph, by Gohanna, 4 years old,	1 1
O. P. Hare's b. m. Kate Kennon, by Contention, 4 years old,	5 2
John C. Goode's b. h. Tuscumbia, by Sir Archie, 4 years old,	4 3
J. M. Seldon's b. h. by Sir Charles. 4 y. o.	2 4
T. Doswell's b. m. Sting, by Tariff, 4 y. o.	6 5
J. M. Botts' ch. h. Backslider, by Hotspur, 4 y. o.	3 dr.
Mr. Williamson's horse Plaintiff, by Tariff, 4 y. o.	7 dr.

Time—1st heat 4m. 3.—2d heat 4m. 10s.

THIRD DAY.

Jockey Club Purse—$1,000—*four mile heats.*

H. A. Taylo's b. g. Pizarro, by Alfred, 6 y. o.	1 1
W. R. Johnson's s. h. Goliah, by Eclipse, 6 y. o.	3 2
H. Davis' s. m. Dolly Dixon, by Sir Charles, 6 years old,	2 3
J. M. Selden's b. h. Moses, by Arab, 4 y. o.	4 ds.
J. M. Botts' br. h. Douglas by Gohanna, 5 y. o.	5 ds.

Time—1st heat 8m. 54s.—3d heat 8m. 36.

FOURTH DAY.

The Proprietor's Purse—$200—*two mile heats.*

O. P. Hare's g. m. Ironette, by Contention, 4 y. o.	1 1
H. A. Taylor's ch. m. Multi Flora, by Mason's Ratler, 4 years old,	5 2
J. Belcher's ch. h. Quarter Master, by Hotspur, 4 years old,	2 3
J. M. Selden's b. h. Whitefoot, by John Hancock, 4 years old,	4 4
J. M. Botts' c. h. Rapid,* by Ratler, 4 y. o.	3 ds.

Time—1st heat 4m. 4s.—2d. 4m. 2s.

* Rapid stumbled and threw the rider, in the first quarter of the second mile, kept the track, and came out second in the heat, though by rule, was a distanced horse. Immediately after, a match was made and run between Ironette and Rapid, a single two miles, for $500—won by Ironette.

Park Theatre.

Mr. Jerrold's new Drama, called "Nell Gwynne" was produced for the first time, on Thursday evening, and though, like all new pieces, it had to suffer from an unsettledness of purpose in some of its supporters, and an occasional lapse of memory, it was carried through amidst hearty laughter and apparently with great satisfaction to the Audience.—Plot, it has none, though the incidents are abundant, and the situations, if not strictly new in themselves, yet being used in a novel manner, produce all the effect of a very original Drama. The piece is founded on some real, and some imaginary incedents in the life of its celebrated Sponsor, for fact and fiction go hand in hand. The author has antedated the historical introduction of Nell to the King, inasmuch as the speaking the celebrated prologue, when he saw her for the *first time*, finishes the Drama, after frequent and long interviews between them. From beginning to end of the play, there is nothing to offend the most fastidious delicacy, for all which the moralist must wish had never been, is carefully kept out of the piece. The story is simply this,—Nell has made an unsuccesful application to Betterton, for an engagement at Drury Lane and then comes to solicit employment of an intriguing Dress maker, who has brought the profligate Charles the Second there, on purpose to see this humble but sprightly Beauty. Persecuted by old Counsellor Crowsfoot, she pretends a marriage to be rid of him, which Charles overhearing, heartily seconds by stepping forward as the imaginary bridegroom.—Disappointed of employment, Nell becomes a vender of Oranges in the Theatre, where she displays her vivacity so much, that the managers engage her to speak their prologue in the celebrated broad brimmed Hat. She subsequently releases Charles from incarceration by playing on the credulity of her ancient enamorata, and exposes his folly to a good sound cudgelling.

The underplot which produces great amusement, arises from a mistake made by the once celebrated and facetious Joe Haines, who being bribed by Crowsfoot to carry off Nell, while selling fruit, mistakes an old virago, called Orange Moll, for the object of his pursuit, and brings her to the Mitre where Nell, the King, and Barclay have been dining. The dialogue is generally vivacious and lively, and many of the points have much caustic wit and humor. Some of the characters are well drawn, while others do but little justice to the well known originals, and as gallantry gives the ladies precedence it is necessary to begin with Mr. Placide! His delineation of the saucy, humorous Orange Moll, was admirable, his drawing the outline was excellent in the extreme, and the filling up of the picture was such as none but himself could have done. His assumptions of voice and manner were perfect, and his jokes and acting received with roars of applause.

Nell Gwynne, though by no means so well drawn by the author as she might have been, received every assistance from Miss Clara Fisher which her lively manner and buoyant spirits could impart to it. Her arch style, and perfect knowledge of the stage, did more for Nell Gwynne than the author has, though some of her sallies are lively and even witty, and her dialogue generally light and agreeable.

We think Mr. Mason might have made much more of Charles, who, though he stands butt to Nell's joks, might be made more prominent by better dressing and a more lively manner. Mr. Richings was irresistably droll in a puritanical publican, and for a long time kept the play in a state of abeyance by the hearty and prolonged laughter that attended his appearance. The celebrated Joe Haines, though neglected by the author, had every attention paid him by Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Blakeley who was very funny in some parts of Crowsfoot, would have made all of it excellent, had he been more intimate with the author. The other parts were very well acted, and the piece is likely to become a great favorite. We never heard more hearty laughter than attended it throughout, with the exception of the tag or finish, which is not effective.

Bowery Theatre.

Miss Vincent made her re-appearance at this Theatre on Monday Evening as Julia in the Hunchback. Few young ladies have made such rapid progress in their profession as Miss Vincent, and very rarely have any evinced so much talent in so early a stage of their Studies. Her performance of this celebrated part was highly creditable to her skill, and evinced a decided improvement since her last appearance in this city. Mr. Hamblin was the Sir Thomas Clifford and looked and acted the character to its utmost capability. Mr. Farren played the Hunchback,—in a manner that reflected great credit on his talents,—he is a very young actor, yet already stands in a very prominent post in his profession; his reading of the part is extremely good, but his articulation is defective. This is a fault which lies in his own power to remedy.

The Italian Opera Company close their regular performances here this evening,—but the principal portion of the *troupe* are to appear again on Tuesday evening in conjunction with Miss Vincent, Mrs. McClure, Mr. Hamblin, and all the strength of the Company, for the Benefit of their active and intelligent Stage Manager Mr. Farren,—and there is little doubt that so powerfully attractive a combination will draw a crowded house.

Mr. Roberts, who for some years was so great a favorite at this house died last week of consumption in Charleston leaving five orphan children totally unprovided for.

Italian Opera.

"Il Barbiere de Siviglia" has been repeated several times by the Italian Company, and if we were impressed in its favor by the first hearing, we had all our good impressions confirmed by subsequent attendence. It would appear somewhat needless to discuss the merits of a work universally known and never denied, but there are thousands who fancy they know the music of the Barber exceedingly well because since the days of Phillipi they have seen it announced monthly at one or other of our Theatres, much after the fashion of reading a Booksellers catalogue, and then flattering the fancy that we are well acquainted with all the works. The English edition contains but a very small quantity of the beautiful music of the original, while the whole Opera is now sung by the Italians, with one exception, though we should be far better pleased if they had not that one blot on their escutcheon. Signora Pedretti still labors under the visible effects of a most debilitating sickness, her voice that powerfull and brilliant, is often out of tune from extreme weakness—but this tho' a matter of regret, is not one of surprise half so much, as hearing that she can sing at all, having had so short a respite to recover her strength in. "Una voice," that beautiful cavatina that never becomes insipid was given with brilliancy and expression, and although it lacked of execution in the roulades, was amply compensated by its frequent bursts of feeling. There was a charming degree of archness in the Letter Duett with Figaro, that marked the complete actress, and showed that tho' Nature had fashioned out the stormy passions for her unquestioned dominion,—Skill, at least has enabled her still to shine in a more domestic world. In lieu of the singing lesson in the 2nd act, Auber's air "mi pizzica" is substituted. To one whose unquestioned capability could so well enable her to excel without any adventitious aid, this clap trap is unnecessary, and as the Company ought to show others a good example, by producing Operas in their pure ungarnished state, we regret that the *one* line was not left out of the Bill, and the Bravura omitted from the Opera. The Soprana part of the last Trio was a gem,—polished,—shining and clear,—and altogether the delineation of Rosina was highly creditable to Signora Pedrotti, and if we quarrel with her on minor points, it is in sorrow, not anger,—from a wish to see the sun without a spot. Signor Farnasari, more than continued the good impression made by his performance of the Barber, which we believe to be unsurpassed since the days of Naldi. We have heard no Figaro sing "largo al factotum," at all to be compared to him,—it was sparkling with humor

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

MINE HOST OF THE KINGS ARMS

OR BROADWAY IN '76.

A Tale of the Revolution.

Concluded from our last.

He fixed his eyes on Balcarras Belaguire, with a kinder feeling than that which influenced even his warm grasp of the hard hand of old Eisenback, with a familiarity of manner, into which he always relented when he was pleased, he took the young man by the hand, and with a look of regret, said, "My dear boy, I shall leave you with regret." The eyes of the youth sparkled with pleasure at this remark, and, with a manner peculiarly his own, replied, "My dear General, if I should ever fall into your hands, you shall be reminded of the compliment with which you have just turned my head." At this moment, Colonel Harcourt came up, and in a frank, soldier-like manner, inquired after his health. "Never so good as at present," said General Lee; "not even when you pulled me out of bed, at Baskingridge, and carried me off without hat, boot, or coat, Colonel."

"Why," said Colonel Harcourt, "if we carried you off in such haste, it was because we feared to leave you behind. It was complimentary to you, General, though at the time, I confess, you may have thought it anything else. I'll taste some punch with you if you please." "With pleasure," replied Lee, "and I hope I may have the pleasure of returning this civility to you in the American camp. Forget the wish, in the compliment, Colonel." At this moment, when Harcourt looked rather surprised, Tippleglass came bowing into the room, and announced that dinner was on the table. He held open the door with officious zeal, and at the moment, a band of music, which had been stationed in the hall struck up a martial air, and the company marched in double files to the dining room, followed in the rear by the portly figure of of the host, whose step betokened an overflowing mixture of joy and self importance.

The precedence of the guests being duly settled, and the seat of Honor assigned to the American, General Robertson took the head of the table, with that easy manner, which distinguished the higher class of British officers; and on the other side of General Lee sat his friend, Col. Butler, of the 38th. Every angry feeling appeared to have fled. The spirit of courtesy softened every remark, and influenced every sentiment.

The scene was peculiar. The dining room, with its large pier glass and high ceiling, was also remarked for its richly loaded buffet, where some of the profits of the publican were exhibited in the shape of tankards, punch-bowls, and a heavy tea-urn.—These articles, not often seen in the possession of our modern Innkeepers, were indispensable in the time of our narrative, to the accomodation of the gentry in the King's service. The plate of the King's Arms was not very costly however, for Tippleglass had a presentiment, that if too showy or too valuable, it might, in case the British were driven from New York, a thing not entirely improbable, be forever lost to its luckless possessor. Nay, the very engraving on it, would have been an excuse with a bold faced villain, for Tippleglass had the arms on his sign transferred to his plate, and with great complacency had added the motto of the heir of royalty, Ich dien, which he considered expressive of his own willingness to oblige, and his submissiveness to his superiors.

At this time, however, the plate of General Robertson crowned the table of Tippleglass. The glories of the buffet, were left in undisturbed tranquility. From the ceiling a heavy chandelier hung pendant, and shed its glories on all things below. A goodly succession of wax lights, in silver branches, were stationed at regular intervals. The drinking glasses were tall and heavy, and when charged, required a stout grasp to carry them steadily to the mouth. The crimson curtains were closely drawn over the windows, and a bright glow fell upon the countenances of the guests. Tippleglass stood near General Robertson, and directed the operations of the whole. The wine was the purest and best. Madeira was the wine of all wines, at that day, and its generous richness was not a little praised by the connoisseurs and bons vivans of the time.

"General Lee," said he, at the head of the table, "since drinking is the principal part of a soldier's life, pray join us in a glass of this racy wine. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses." By this time the dessert had made its entree in order, and the bottle had circulated freely round the board. "With all my heart," said General Lee, "for I am so soon to leave you and return to apple cider and hot toddy, a glass of this excellent Madeira will do no harm.—Gentlemen, permit me to add my wishes for the speedy termination of hostilities, and a happy return of all present to their wives and sweethearts." This sentiment was drank with general applause, save by one who sipped a drop only, and then sat his glass down. "A soldier of your experience," said this gentleman to the American General, "must have some philosophy to put up with the inconveniences of the continental service, be its remaining duties ever so brief." The allusion in this remark was not lost upon the quick-sighted Lee.—"Oh! our fare is none of the best, Colonel; but here's Baron Reidesel can tell you how he lived while at Albany, and besides, the difference of our actual tastes may make apple toddy acceptable.—You know it will improve with age, and we have a supply that will last us through a dozen campaigns."

"Apple toddy is good," said Reidesel, "but Gen. Schuyler's wine is petter. He is as liberal of his good cheer, as he is gallant and prave. Pray, General, make my respects to dis prince of men, whom I never, never must forget; and if ever you come to Garmany, you will find me at Eisinbach, and a glas of Tokay for you, which is pure as the pest plood in your veins." "Ah! that is a pleasure," said Lee, "which I shall never know. This is my adopted country, and I shall return to Lochaber no more.' No, no, Baron. I could not trust myself again, near those fields of glory, on which I have seen so many patriots expire."

"Your life," said General Robertson, "must have been a very romantic one, and some parts of it already in possession of the historian, have excited our astonishment no less than our admiration."

"Gentlemen," replied General Lee, bowing to the person who last addressed him, and then to the other guests, giving a rapid glance at each, "what public report has not already made known to you, my own lips shall communicate. Your hospitality deserves the return of my sincere thanks, and though at no long distance back, I fear my motives and principles were misunderstood, I consider the present opportunity of explanation too favorable to be omitted. This is the last time we may ever meet, at the social table. On the hostile field neither you would have time to hear, nor I leisure to enact the tragi-comedy of my varying life.

"General Robertson, you must have known my family, and its respectability has ever been a source of honest pride. My father was the Colonel Commandant of General Barrel's regiment, for many years. From him I imbibed a love of the military art.

"At eleven years of age, I had the honor of a commission, and after completing my studies, I came to America with General Abercrombie, and was shot through the body at Ticonderoga. The wound, gentlemen, you perceive was not mortal.—I returned home, and was honored with a colonel's commission, for I had friends at court, and we all know how often 'kissing goes by favor;' this is my only apology for being made a colonel in 1762.—My two epaulettes threw me into service at Portugal, and General Burgoyne, who was my friend and commander, gave me the unavoidable honor of capturing a few of the Dons at Villahelia, in Alentejo. I was then the favorite of fortune. I found my game front and rear completely enclosed, and I had nothing to do but drive my prisoners to camp. When I got back to England, with prospects which the Portuguese minister, Count La Lippe, by his personal kindness, made most agreeable, I must needs write a pamphlet on the Indian war, by which the cup of promotion was snatched from my lips. In despair I bade adieu to England, and embarked in the cause of Poland and of man. His majesty, Heaven bless him, took me into his family. But as his cause declined, I still desired to be the champion of liberty. Besides, I disliked a ministry who involved my country in a war disastrous to our commerce, and subversive of good old principles. I would have conciliated the Americans, and saved our brightest jewel. At Vienna, where I was then seeking employment, I lost my character, with the English ambassador—political character, I mean. The man then was, and still is dear to me; and may I perish, if ever I forget a friend, however divided in principle or different the cause we serve. I sailed for America, and the first thing of action in which I was concerned, and the first moment of constraint I ever knew—don't blush, Colonel Harcourt, was when you pulled me out of bed, and carried me off, Gilpin like, without a hat or wig.

"I little thought, when I set out,
Of running such a rig"

"Nay, nay, General," said Harcourt, "you are too severe upon me for my accidental good fortune. Remember that it is some palliation of my conduct, to have been the cause of this festive meeting."

"When do you set out," said Colonel Butler to Lee, who was smiling at the address of Harcourt's remark. "As soon as Prescott arrives, who, I believe, was pulled out of bed very much as I was." "Quarter, quarter," said Colonel Harcourt. "You are determined not to spare yourself for the first mistake of your life, or me for the only laurel that has bloomed in mine." A loud knocking on the table, recalled the attention of the guests to their empty glasses, and General Robertson, who had overheard a sprightly conversation at the lower end of the table, between Belaguier and his young comrades, on the great peril of life, the witchery of woman, singled him out for a toast. The challenge was met with a steady voice, and he gave Miss Frances Eustace, a young lady of very uncommon merit, well known at that day, and not yet forgotten.

"Who is this beauty," said General Lee. "I have not heard her name mentioned before by you, Balcarras." "Oh," said Colonel Hanger, whose voice was heard for the first time beyond the coterie, at his end of the table, where he had been occupied with a circle of young sportsmen, "Oh, it is only a fine bit of flesh and blood from the country, the daughter of an old Virginia nabob.

"Balcarras has been on the scent eversince she arrived, and is delighted with the idea of flushing a new bird. But what will his lady mother say, if she knew of her son's simplicity. 'Whaugh! Gad I'll blow him by the first packet." "Colonel Hanger," said Balcarrrs, "fill your glass, none of your long shots at me. I see General Robertson is now looking at you for a toast." "Well," said Hanger, with a gay expression, "I'll give you, General, as a set off to the enthusiasm of my young friend, the health of a lady of uncommon attractions and great merit, Madamoiselle Varolle, Rigadoon dancer at the Golden Ball in the fields—Balcarras will drink that without flinching." A loud burst of laughter followed, as Colonel Hanger anticipated. "No more of that Hal," said Balcarras, "as thou lovest me." Here the conversation changed, and Colonel Hanger resumed the discussion of sporting intelligence, as if nothing had been said. "General Lee, you'll be at Ascott Heath at the next races: Bagshaw runs against Forrester! that fellow flies swifter than a rifle ball. I could quicker shoot a flea, than overtake him with my patent breech."—"Shoot a flea," said Balcarras, "shoot a flea, nay, we must all knock under to that." "Shoot sir," said Colonel Hanger, amidst the laugh which followed the remark of Balcarras: "shoot sir," said Hanger, who was tenacious of his character as a marksman, "I'll bet fifty guineas I'll hit him with a rifle ball at twenty feet distance."—"Done," said Balcarras, as he stretched forth his hand, "but, you'll let the flea hop." Colonel Hanger, although never more serious in his life, was disconcerted in his remark, and as soon as he could recover himself amid the general and uproarous laughter, rapped his knuckles on the lower side of the table, and cried, "I knock under to that, Balcarras."

At this moment General Lee caught his eye, and pointing to the bottle said, "Colonel Hanger, since you hang fire with your rifle, let me challenge you to a little grape." In this manner continued to be discussed, the leading topics of the day, and thus passed the hours with the revellers until the shades of evening prevailed, and night stole silently over the landscape. But fate was determined that night to alarm the stoutest bosom, for while the guests at the King's Arms were listening to a song well known as the Echoing Horn, at that time quite the rage, breathed from the lips of Balcarras, with great taste and effect, a shout was heard in the distance, which, while it gave almost a thrilling effect to the line

To horse! my brave boys, and away!

was followed by the thunders of heavy artillery. The economy of the table was instantly disturbed. Tippleglass was out of the door in an instant, though it was never determined by what miracle he succeeded in so precipitate a movement.

Balcarras jumped over the table and was the next man out, while the elder officers with more coolness, rose from their seats with a look of astonishment, and the old Baron forgetting that he was a prisoner on his parole, instinctively seized his sword Colonel Hanger in a fit of abstraction cried out, "give it to 'em Jagers, give it to 'em my brave boys,"—while General Robertson, never forgetting what was his duty at the festive board, apologized for his unceremonious departure, and hastily took his leave.

If the inmates of the house, with the exception of General Lee, were in a state of perturbation and excitement; if Tippleglass did not feel comfortable until he had again and again received from General Lee the most solemn assurances of safety, if the city was stormed by General Washington, what must have been the feeling out of doors among the loyalists of the town. At the corners of the streets, in the door ways, and on every piazza, were assembled groupes of disheartened and affrightened men, whose teeth chattered in their heads, and whose words were uttered with a ludicrous precipitation. The distant roar of cannon seemed in their ears to become more distinct, till they fancied it was in the direction of Paulus Hook, and that the rebels who had surprised the post, were turning with unparalleled effrontery their own cannon against the town. Nay, as they saw the troops march past them in quick time, and heard the drums beat a charge, it increased their fears to such a degree, that some of them took to their heels and ran to the east river, in hopes of getting on board the fleet. But they were not at this time the victims of rebel fury.—Before the troops had marched very far, an express from the out posts arrived to quiet the alarm. A herd of cattle, collected by the cow boys in their usual honest way, and intended for the British camp, had made a desperate effort to escape, and not regarding the ceremony observed in crossing a line of sentinels, had run over it without missing those who fell victims to the fire. The English hearing the noise of the rush and the bellowings of the half crazed animals, mistook them for the American cavalry and a band of savages. In an instant the whole line of heavy guns was discharged in that direction, raking and cutting down the poor beasts in a shocking manner, and, but for a sally made by a few of the boldest men under cover of the fire who discovered the blunder, there is, no knowing how many chain shot and cannister would have been lost forever to the Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General of His Britannic Majesty's forces. As soon as the intelligence reached the city, those who were most vindictive regained their courage, and those who were secretly pleased at the approach of the Americans, grew sad and disheartened. All this was not however without a good effect. A satirical poem, called the cowchase, attributed to Major Andre, which ridiculed the brave General Putman, and was founded on a circumstance very similar to the one now related, was no more quoted in genteel society, and even the unblushing Rivington ceased to offer it for sale.

So passed away the alarm. The moon had gained the horizon, and the red cross was observed with perfect distinctness, floating on the gentle breeze of night. The dark hills of Staten Island were tinted with the lunar glow, and to the night glasses there also was visible the banner of St George. Not a sound interrupted the general silence. Evan at the King's Arms, the noisy chorus of the bar was hushed to silence, and Tippleglass sank to rest with sundry calculations of profit, which were followed by a delightful dream of wealth and repose. He might have been almost heard to exclaim, with ancient Pistol—

"A foutre for the world and worldlings base
I speak of Africa and golden joys."

SEIGE OF ANTWERP.

A French Colonel on the retired list, who had arrived from Paris for the purpose of visiting the citadel of Antwerp, was in despair at finding that, though rich and well known, he had no more chance of gaining his object than any common man. His vanity would not allow him to return defeated; but, at a loss how to succeed, he consulted his friend O'Farel, asking him what he would do in similar circumstances. "I would immediately put on a miner's jacket," said he, "which, being that of a brave man, would be no dishonor to me, and enter the citadel with the party that are just setting out." No sooner said than done. The Colonel put on the miner's dress, and soon found himself in the interior of the fortress. Scarcely had he passed the gate, however, when General Rullyers appeared, and gave orders for 20 men to be counted off and set to work with all expedition. The disguised Colonel marched gaily at their head, and being among the very foremost was included in the detachment, and set to labor in an obscure spot, without the slightest possibility of satisfying his curiosity, and was kept at hard labor till 4 o'clock, though he repeatedly attempted to explain to the sergeant he did not belong to the company of miners, being always silenced by some rude command to mind his work, and not lose his time in talking. This adventure at length reached Marshall Gerard, who, after being highly amused by it, compensated the Colonel for his bad luck by sending him an order to be admitted the next morning into the citadel, and shown every thing he wished to see, and General Rullyers himself had the kindness to receive him in person and accompany him to every point of interest.—*Galignani's Mess.*

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGE—ASSAULT UPON THE PRESIDENT.

It has never fallen to our lot to record so disgraceful a transaction, as the assault upon the person of the Executive by R. B. RANDOLPH, late a Lieutenant in the Navy. The particulars of this infamous affair we copy from the Globe, and every honest man who reads them, must come to the conclusion that the Navy is fortunate in being rid of one who, under any circumstances could be guilty of such a base and unmanly act.

There is—there *can* be no apology for RANDOLPH; but in charity to poor human nature, we hope the assault was made in a moment of temporary insanity.

Had the assault been made in any large city where the public mind is more easily excited than in smaller towns, the probability is, that the life of RANDOLPH would have been in danger. As it is, he has escaped, covered with infamy and driven from the station in society which he heretofore occupied.

A gentleman just arrived from Alexandria gives the following account of an atrocious attack upon the President of the United States, as he was yesterday morning on his way to Fredericksburgh, where he had been invited to lay the Corner Stone of a Monument about to be erected to the Mother of Washington:

"The Steam-boat Cygnet, in which the President and several members of the Cabinet, accompanied by many other gentlemen, were going to Fredericksburgh, stopped on her way for a few minutes at Alexandria. Many persons from the wharf came on board, and among them Randolph, late a Lieutenant in the Navy. He made his way in the Cabin, where the President was sitting reading a newspaper, and advanc ng towards him, as if to address him, began to draw on his gloves. The President, not knowing him, and supposing it was some person about to salute him, and seeing him at some difficulty in getting off his glove, stretched out his hand towards him, saying, 'never mind your glove, Sir.' Randolph, having then disengaged himself from his gloves, thrust one hand violent into the President's face, and before he could make use of the other, received a blow from a gentleman standing near with an umbrella. Almost at the same time, two other gentlemen in the cabin sprung upon him and he was pulled back and thrown down.

The moment he was assaulted, the President seized his cane which was lying near him on the table, and was forcing his way through the gentlemen who had now crowded round Randolph, insisting that no man should stand between him and the villain who had insulted him: that he would chastise him himself. Randolph, by this time, had been borne towards the door of the cabin, and pushed through it to the deck. He made his way through the crowd on the deck, and the wharf, being assisted, as is believed, by some ruffian confederates, and made his escape. He stopped for a few minutes at a tavern, in Alexandria, and passed on beyond the District line. The Grand Jury, then in session, in a few moments found a presentment against him, and the Court issued a Bench Warrant. A Magistrate had just previously issued a warrant; but before the officers could arrest him, he was gone.

From the Alexandria Gazette of yesterday.

An incident of a most painful nature occurred on board the steamboat Cygnet, as she stopped here on her way down yesterday. An assault was made upon the President of the United States by Mr. Randolph, late of the Navy. At the first blow, we understand, almost a hundred arms fell upon the assailant, and he was with difficulty rescued and carried on shore. We have never known more excitement nor more feeling to be manifested by all our citizens. We are induced to mention this matter, which ought indeed never to be published, only because we know that reports of it will be circulated throughout the country and printed elsewhere. It was an affair of a moment; but it is said, that, from the feeling produced, it is wonderful that the assailant escaped with his life.

So great was the public indignation at this outrage, that we believe almost any measure would have been adopted to express it. The President was naturally highly excited and exasperated. He departed amidst the cheers and good wishes of the great crowd which had assembled.

Foreign Intelligence.

By the Liverpool packet ship South America, Capt Marshall.

The Irish coercion bill has passed the House of Commons by a majority of 259, and in consequence of the amendments made to it in that body, is returned to the house of Lords. The number of troops kept in Ireland by the British government, appears, from the debates to be no less than 28,000 men, or about one fourth of their whole standing army.

A change has taken place in the British Cabinet, though it will not probably be attended with any change in its policy. Lord Goderich, who was Colonial Secretary, has become Lord Privy Seal, vacated by the resignation of Lord Durham. Mr. Stanley succeeds Lord Goderich; and Sir John Cam Hobhouse succeed Mr. Stanley as Secretary for Ireland.

On the important subject of slavery in the West Indies, the premier, Earl Grey, in reply to some questions put to him, said, "he was anxious for the abolition of slavery, but he was not prepared to declare for immediate emancipation, without considering the consequences that might flow from such a measure."

From France there is nothing important. The situation of the Duchess de Berri is still the cause of a good deal of debate. The Carlists are clamoring for her immediate liberation, and affirm that her health is greatly impaired; this is denied by the friends of the government, who say that her health is as good "as can be expected."

No change is perceptible in the conduct of the King of Holland; he continues to reinforce his squadron in the Scheldt; and in an interview with his late Ambassador in London, Zuylen van Nyevelt, has expressed his determination not to submit to conditions which he considered unjust.

Some doubt still hangs over Turkish affairs. It does not appear to be positively known whether the Egyptian troops have advanced to Smyrna or not; still it seems placed beyond a doubt, that the intervention of the great powers will prevent any further hostilities between the Porte and the Pacha.

The King of Wirtemburg has dissolved the Legislative Chamber of his dominions abruptly, and some of the Journals look forward to a serious resistance to his will on the part of the people. We will endeavor, at an early day to give the particulars.

The most interesting news is from Portugal, where two fresh attacks have been made by the troops of Don Miguel and successfully repelled.—We fear the Constitutionalists will finally be compelled to retire. They have already been ten months in Oporto without making a single step in advance, and now the dispute with Admiral Sartorius, places new and serious difficulties in the way of Don Pedro.

EAST INDIA COMPANY'S CHARTER

The only two points, or at least the main points, which could be discussed between the Court of Directors and the Government of the country, requiring the opinion or sanction of the Court of Proprietors, were,—1st, whether the charter of the Company was to be renewed along with its china monopoly; and, 2dly, whether the company, if stripped of its trading character, was still to continue its political functions in the administration of our eastern empire. The Government, in its memorandum, or "paper of hints," decided these two points in the following very summary manner:

"The China monopoly to cease."

"The East India Company to retain their political functions."

The subsequent parts of the memorandum, which we insert at length, advert rather to the means of executing these objects than to any new or additional principle of arrangement.

MEMORANDUM, OR PAPER OF HINTS.

The China monopoly to cease.

The E. India Company to retain their political functions.

The Company's assets, commercial and territorial, with all their possessions and rights, to be assigned to the Crown, on behalf of the territorial Government of India.

An annuity of £630,000 to be granted to the proprietors, to be paid in England by half-yearly instalments, and to be charged upon the territorial revenues of India exclusively, and to form part of the territorial debt of that country, not to be redeemable before the 30th of April, 18— and then at the option of Parliament, by the payment of £100 for every £5 5 0 of annuity.

Such part of the commercial assets as is convertible into money to be so converted, and the proceeds, with the cash balance of the commercial department, as exhibited in the account of stock by computation for the 30th of April, 1834, appropriated to the discharge of an amount of the present territorial debt equal to a capital producing £630,000 a-year.

The territorial revenue of India to be chargeable with all expences incurred on account of their country at home and abroad.

The new annuitants to retain the character of a joint stock company.

The qualification of the proprietors and the right of voting to remain as at present.

The number of directors to be ——; one-fourth to go out by rotation every year, but to be immediately re-eligible.

The patronage to remain vested in the directors.

The military patronage to be exercised as at present.

The civil servants to be educated at Haileybury.

The details of the arrangement to be settled hereafter; but, perhaps, something of the following nature might answer:

The students at the College to be considered only as competitors for writerships.

Their number to be so regulated that there may be always more candidates than appointments.

Each student to remain at the College no longer than —— years.

Vacancies for civil appointments in India to be filled from the College, on public examination, by the students approved the most able.

The directors to fill up the vacancies at the College each year; each director to nominate in succession.

The plans and arrangements respecting the course and subjects of study to be formed by the board and the professors.

The 47th sect. of the 53d Geo. III. cap. 155, to remain, but made applicable to removal as well as appointment, and to professors, as well as principals.

The Governor-General in council to report annually, on his responsibility, the number of writers and cadets and assistant-surgeons required for the service of the next year.

The Board of Control to have the power of reducing, but not of augmenting that number.

Every British subject to have the right of going out to the seats of Government of the three Presidences of India without licence; but his right of visiting the interior, or of residing there, and of acquiring and holding property, to be subject to the restraints and regulations which the local Government may impose.

The powers of the Court, and its relations with the India Board, to remain as at present, except as modified in the following summary:

The Court, on the Board's final and conclusive order, are to send the despatch by the first ship that goes after such order.

In the event of the Court refusing to prepare a despatch, or to send a despatch as altered by the Board, the Board to have the power of sending it themselves.

Appointment of governors subject as now, to the approbation of the King; but the Board to have a veto on the re-call.

The same with regard to the commanders of the forces.

The Board to have the same power with regard to pensions or salaries below £200 a-year, and to gratuities below £1000 that they have now with respect to salaries, pensions, or gratuities above those amounts.

Home expenditure and establishment to be under the control of the Board.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.

Papers to the 16th March are received by the Baltimore American. Considerable excitement prevailed at Buenos Ayres on account of the incursions of the Indians of the South into the interior provinces, particularly San Louis and Cordova, where they had committed dreadful devastations. This circumstance had paralized the trade, and stopped the communication with the interior.

Several of the provinces had united in an expedition against the invaders, and Gen. Quiroga had accepted the command of it.

The Packet of the 9th contains a paragraph, stating that Captain Paddock, of the American whaleship Catherine, who had killed three persons, and wounded several others at Valparaiso, was shot at that place on the 10th January last. On his way to the place of execution he exhibited unequivocal marks of insanity.

Cholera at Matanzas.—By advices from this place to the 21st instant, we rejoice to learn that the pestilence had nearly ceased in Matanzas, and that very few new cases had recently occurred.

A YARN.

From Tom Cringle's Log.—Blackwood's Magazine.

"You all know Isaac Grimm, the Jew Snuff-merchant and Cigar-maker, in Harbour-street; well, Isaac had a brother, Ezekiel by name, who carried on business in Curacoa; you may have heard of him too. Ezekiel was often down here, (in Jamaica,) for the purpose of laying in provisions and purchasing dry goods. Well, Ezekiel was very rich; he came down in August last in the Pickle schooner, and as bad luck would have it he fell sick of the fever:—'Isaac,' quoth Ezekiel, 'I am wery sheek; I think I shall tie!" 'Hope not dear proder; you hab no vife nor shilder; pity you should tie Ezekiel. Ave you make your vill, Ezekiel?" 'Yesh de vill is make, I leavesh every thing to you, Isaak, on von condition, dat you send my pody to pe pury in Curacoa, I love dat place; twenty years since I lef de Mimories, all dat time I cheat dere, and tell lie dere, and lif dere happilly. Oh you mosh sent my pody for its puryment to Curacoa!—I vill do dat nine prader.' 'Den I depart in peace dear Isaac,'—and the Israelite was as good as his word *for once*. He *did* die. Isaac, according to his promise applied to the Captains of several schooners, none of them would take the dead body, 'Vat shall I do!' thought Isaac, 'de monish mosh not be loss.' So he straightway had Ezekiel, (for even a Jew won't keep long in this climate,) cut up and packed with pickle into two barrels, branded 'Prime Mess Pork, Leicester M'Call and Co., Cork.' He then shipped the same in the Fan Fan, taking bills of lading, in accordance with the brand delivered, to Mordecai Levi, of Curacoa, to whom he sent the requisite instructions. The vessel sailed—off St. Domingo she carried away a mast—tried to fetch Carthagena under a jury-spar—fell to leeward, and finally brought up at Honduras.

"Three months after, Isaac encountered the master of the schooner in the streets of Kingstod. 'Ah mine goot Captain, how ish you? you lookish tin, ave you been sheek?' 'No, Moses, I'm well enough thank God. You have heard of my having carried awey the mainmast, and after kicking about fifteen days on short allowance, having been obliged to bear up for Honduras?—Know noting of all dat, said Isaac, 'sorry for it Captain, very sad indeed.' 'Sad!' You may say that Moses.' But I am honest, although poor, and here is your bill of lading for your two barrels of provisions; 'Prime Mess' a says, damned tough say I; howsomdever,' pulling out his purse, 'the present value on Boyle, Jupp and Co's wharf, is £5. 6s. 8d. the barrel; so there are two doubloons, Moses, and now discharge the account on the back of the bill of lading, will you?' —Vy should I take payment Captain? if de (pork stuck in his throat like *amen* in Macbeth's,) if de barrel ish lost it can't be help—de act of God you know.' 'I am an honest man, Isaac,' continued the Captain, 'although a poor one, and I must tell the truth—we carried on with our own as long as it lasted; at length we had to break bulk, and your two barrels being nearest the hatchway, why we ate them first, that's all. Lord what has come over you?'—Isaac grew pale as a corpse. 'O mine Got'—mine poor broder, dat you ever was live to tie in Jamaica'—Oh, tear! Oh, tear! Oh Isaac Grimm, Isaac Grimm, tid not you hear! mishgive you ven you vas commit te great plashpheny of invosh Ezekiel as por—de unclean peast I mean. If you hat put invosh him'ash *peef*, surely te earthly tabernacle of him as always sheet in de high plashes in te Synagogue would never have been allowed to pass troo te powels of the pershecuting Nazareen. Ah! mine coot Captain—mine very tear friend:—vat—vat—*vat are you done wid the cask*, Captain!'"

CANCER.—I, the subscriber, do hereby certify that my revered mother, Mrs Hannah Welch, aged 87, and residing in the town of Jackson, in the county of Washington, was grieviously afflicted with a cancer. In January last, she employed an eminent physician, and he pronounced it to be a rose cancer. He applied two plasters a day for several months, which were attended with excruciating pain, and produced no good effect. In the month of May last, I called to see my mother, and found her in a dangerous situation, and knowing that Dr. P. Davison, of Albany, who resides at No. 670 S. Market st. was skilled in cancerous complaints, I advised her to come to Albany and place herself under Dr. Davison's care; and she came to my house. He applied one of his plasters for about 8 or 10 days which removed the rose cancer, and in three weeks the cure was completed. My mother stated that she suffered more pain with one plaster of her first doctor than she did through all the attendance of Dr. Davison, who effected the cure in so short a time. I further state, that Jirah Baker, Esq. of Hoosick, was cured of a rose cancer at my house in 1821, and still remains well. This I publish at my own expense, in this paper, for the benefit of mankind; and hoping that editors will, from the same motive, notice it in their papers. Albany, September 1, 1830.

m11 GEORGE W. WELCH.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—This extensively circulated and popular weekly periodical is, this week, embellished with the favorite Persian love song, sung by Mr. Horn in the opera of the Magic Flute, adapted to an air danced by Taglioni, in Auber's ballet of Le Dieu et La Bayadere, entitled "*Dark-eyed one*" *Dark-eyed one*" *Come hither to me*" written by J. R. Planche; arranged for the piano forte, and presented to the New York Mirror, by a distinguished amateur of this city.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

I.—An Original Historical sketch, entitled "The Mysteries of Bona Dea," in eight chapters; concluded in the present number.

II.—An every day paradox, or how a man lost all he was worth by getting rich, a poem by *Wm. Hewitt.*

III.—A description of France—from Bell's Italy.

IV.—Anecdote of Mozart.

V.—Notice of the eighth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

VI.—Critical Remarks on the new musical publications of the day.

VII.—New Engravings.

VIII.—The Drama.

IX.—The forty third number of the "First Impressions of Europe"—Tivoli, by N. P. Willis.

X.—Rambles about town—from the desk of a Quiet old Gentleman.

XI.—A chapter from a new American Novel, not yet published—"The crossing of the Delaware."

XII—Literary Notices.

1. History of American Artists.
2. The Family Physician.
3. Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine.
4. Indian Traits.
5. Gleanings in Natural History.
6. Williams' Register.
7. Young's Elements.
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9. New England Magazine.
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12. An Address to Parents.

XIII.—Serenades and Serenaders.

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XVIII.—Select Works.

XIX.—Philadelphia Gazette and New England Galaxy.

XX.—The late Jonathan Lawrence, Jr.

XXII—To-morrow—a poem—by *Mrs. Norton.*

XXIII.—The Bulgarians.

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XXVI—Steam Carriages.

XXVII.—Painters and Authors.

XXVIII.—Parliamentary Differences.

XXIX.—Hints for Novelists

XXX.—More American Travellers.

XXXI.—Passages from Hackett's Performances.

XXXII.—Selected Miscellancy—Varieties, &c.

XXXIII.—MUSIC.—"Dark-eyed one."

The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the *corner of Nassau and Ann streets.* It is *elegantly printed* in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpariel type. It is embellished once every three months, with a SPLENDID SUPER-ROYAL QUARTO ENGRAVING, and every week with a popular piece of music, *arranged for the piano forte, harp, guitar, &c.* Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of *four hundred and sixteen large pages*, for which a beautifully ENGRAVED VIGNETTE TITLE-PAGE, (painted by *Weir* and engraved by *Durand,*) and a copious INDEX, are furnished. The terms are only FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE, IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of New York. Communications POST PAID, must be addressed to the editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year. m11

VAUXHALL GARDEN is open for the season.—This delightful place, truly the only legitimate Garden in the city, is now ready to receive company. The proprietor has considerably added to the beauty and embellishments; the shadas of the foliage is not equalled in the Union; a military band performs every evening: and on Sunday evenings will be performed, under the direction of Mr. PEARSON, selections of Music, from the works of Handel, Hayden, Mozart, &c.

On Sunday Evening, May 12th, will be performed the following selections:

Leader of the Band, Mr. Clausmann, late of Germany. Conductor, Mr. Pearson.

PART I.

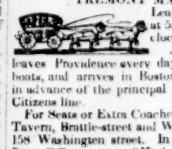
Overture—		
Solo—Sound the loud Timbril,	- -	Avison
Solo—Lord, what is Man?	- - -	Handel
Quartetett—Their sound is gone out,	- -	do
Solo—Now Heaven in fullest glory shone,		Haydn
Solo—But thou dulst not leave,	- -	Handel
Chorus—Hallelujah		

PART II.

Overture—		
Solo—These as they change,	- -	Calleott
Solo—Lord remember David,	- -	Handel
Solo and Chorus—The marvellous	- -	Haydn
Solo—In splendor bright	- - -	do
Chorus—The Heavens are telling.	- -	do

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

TREMONT MAIL STAGES.



Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.

Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.

For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.

N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.

As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

JOHN BURDELL, Dentist, has removed his office from 303 Broadway, and permanently established his office at No. 69 Chambers st. opposite the Park, formerly occupied by Dr. David Rossetter. The following note has been received from Dr. Rossetter —

The subscriber having retired for the present from his profession as Dentist, his apartments No. 69 Chambers st. will be occupied by Mr. J. Burdell, who will continue the practice of the profession.

From the reputation of Mr. Burdell as a dentist, and the satisfaction he has given to some of the most respectable families, as well as from my knowledge of his professional abilities, I do not hesitate in confidently recommending him to my patrons and friends.

m11 D. ROSSETERR.

ADELPHI HOTEL,

38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY

J. CROSS.

Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

OLD GALEN'S HEAD DISPENSARY, No. 14 Peck Slip, corner of Water street.—DR. EVANS continues his improved practice as usual, at his well established Dispensary, No. 14 Peck slip. The public are respectfully apprised, that Dr. Evans being regularly educated in the city of London, has been a member of said faculty 37 years—has had 12 years hospital practice and is well known as a practitioner in this city for the last 16 years. The great success attending Dr. E's practice in all delicate diseases viz. Syphilis, gonorrhœa, gleets, strictures, &c. induce ignorant pretenders to copy after him. Many valuable members of society are daily falling sacrifices to the artful baits held out by those unprincipled experimentalists. Strangers are particularly cautioned not to be deceived by ingenious puffing advertisements of any description, but call and judge for themselves.

Also, to be had at the above Dispensary, Minerva's Box, containing a complete plan of medicine for the cure of a certain disease, with a small book of directions, in which the symptoms and treatment of the diseases are pointed out with such brevity and accuracy that every person may in this case become his own physician.

Also, a preventive for the above, if used in due time.

N B. The offices and entrances are well arranged, and secrecy may be depended on. meh 23

HARLEM TROTTING PARK.

THE Trotting on this Course will commence on Thursday, the 22d of May, and continue three days.

FIRST DAY—At one o'clock, 3 mile heats, in Harness; free for any Trotting Horse carrying 145 lbs.

SECOND DAY—At one o'clock, 2 mile heats, under the Saddle; free for any Trotting Horse that never trotted for a purse or match of over twenty five dollars; carrying 145 lbs.

SAME DAY—At three o'clock, 2 mile heats, under the Saddle; free for any Pacing or Racking Horse; carrying 140 lbs.

THIRD DAY—At one o'clock, 3 mile heats, under the Saddle, free for any Trotting Horse except the winning horse of the first day's purse; carrying 145 lbs.

The entries to be made at the house of John Woodruff on the Course, at 4 o'clock, on the day before the trotting.

Further particulars made known at the time of entering the Horses. m3

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz —strictures, gleets, gonorrhœa, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of those diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

J. BURDELL, Dentist, 303 Broadway, corner of Duane street, entrance in Duane street.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No., 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, *No.* 5 Broad street. N B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Framer and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway, Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way. dec8.

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington-street. f2

TO PRINTERS.—For sale cheap, a font of Long Primer, a fount of Small Pica, and a small fount of Brevier, all of which has been a little used. They would answer .or a country newspaper. Inquire at No. 7 Wall st .or at this office.
March 9 tf

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware ; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

CABOT, Looking Glass, Portrait end Picture Framer, No. 568 Pearl street, five doors from Broadway. Ladies end Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine the patterns. Feb 16

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MANGIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.
Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A MERRELL.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the Manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York ; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN R. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

A SUITE of handsome unfurnished Apartments to let from the first of May next, in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 266 East Broadway. apl0

WANTED.—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address G. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Finish Hotel. Feb2

GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, corner of Gold, has this day published a *New Edition* of *Dr Johnson's Works*, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Arthur Murphy, Esq, in two octavo volumes—being the first complete edition published in this country. It contains twenty-seven publications of Dr. Johnson, not included in any previous American edition—is handsomely printed and bound, and sold at a low price, and may be had of the Booksellers generally. nov 1

JOSEPH G. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery , Clinton Hall, No. 147 Nassau-st, New York. *Reference* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery.

Popular Houses.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and their public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 72 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in the shell or various, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Chins, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings,* Per week. $2.00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends* N. B. The remains for the above transaction, (and they are no jerky as blackberries,) shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication ; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table ; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany.
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON, (Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

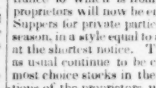
LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "John Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1838. Jan 26

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
To intersect the New Haven Steamboats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M ; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captains on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street.

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. n the basement, by
nov10 GRIFFIN & THOMAS.

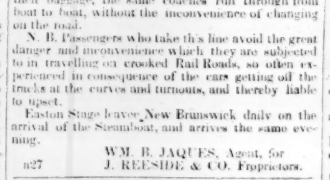
TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.
BUCK'S CHEMISTRY, price $1 50; Emmets' Mineralogy, price $1 50; Buck's Medical Jurisprudence, price $3; Maygrier's Anatomy, price $2—just received and for sale by
SWORDS, STANFORD & CO.
No17 152 Broadway.

Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Taenton.

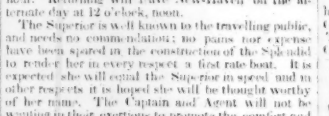
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morrison street, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for New Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence into the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon. Fare through $3.
Passage to and from New Brunswick and Amboy, 37 1-2 cts. Breakfasts 37 1-2 cts.
The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the high st prices they can ; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a chance of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.
Easton Stage leaves New Brunswick daily on the arrival of the Steamboat, and arrives the same evening.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
n27

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.
Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2



The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows — From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.
The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation ; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safty of passengers.
Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. n30

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

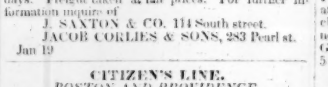


The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays ; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

CITIZEN'S LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

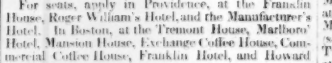
STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.
For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger William's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Mansion House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.
T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
apr 19 eply *Agents.*

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.



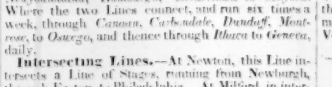
THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Sucksunny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta,* for *Milford.* On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford.* Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose,* to *Oswego,* and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva,* daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Binghamton, through Williamsburg, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrive in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day—Returning, leave Worcester at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY
Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walradge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sudays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY. Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Low.ll the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above order, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES



From Lowell, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminst r, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicksee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 5 o'clock P. M and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.
RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1838.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days :—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday "	7	Saturday "	9
Tuesday "	12	Thursday "	14
Saturday "	16	Tuesday "	19
Thursday "	21	Saturda "	23
Tuesday "	26	Thursday "	28
Saturday	30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

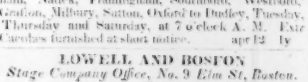
FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday "	14	Tuesday "	12
Tuesday "	19	Saturday "	16
Saturday "	23	Thursday "	21
Thursday "	28	Tuesday "	26
		Saturday "	30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets.
March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earle's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

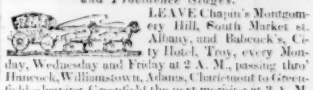
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 24 day, Hartford and New Haven.
Worcester Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 24 day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Milbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Exe Carriers furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



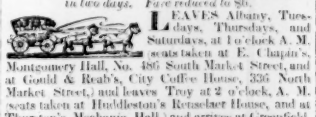
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

PHOENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.



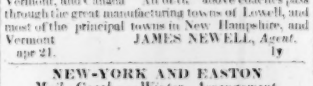
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Bingham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



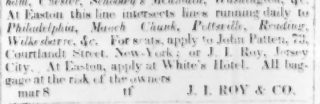
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 408 South Market st. Albany, at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock, P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



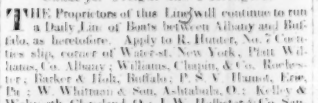
COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for New hampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th. above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Meadham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 72, Courtlandt Street, New-York ; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

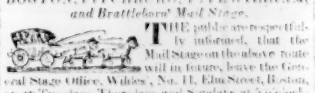
MERCHANT'S LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water-st. New York ; Pratt Williams, Co. Albany ; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester ; Barker & Holt, Buffalo ; P. S. V. Hamot, Esq. Pit ; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O. ; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O. ; J. W. Hollister & Co. Sandusky City O. ; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O. ; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati, O. Newberry, Detroit, M'T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDER'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.



THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it connects all the week in, south in and north bound stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M and arrive in Boston at 6, P. M.
CITIZENS LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.
Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston, at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.
Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1 eply

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine,* and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skilled Engineers at the United States Arsenals at Columbia ville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Watervliet is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other engine, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

PATENT SWELLED BEAM
WINDLASS BEDSTEADS, 100 Broadway, N. Y.

COOKE & SPEAR offer for sale Patent Swelled Beam Windlass Bedsteads, of every variety of pattern and finish. The principal hotels and boarding-houses throughout the United States are furnished with the we Bedsteads, which, when known, are acknowledged superior to any yet received. Also, manufacturing constantly for sale, Sofas, Sofa Bedsteads, Rotetas, Mahogany Upholstered Rocking Chairs, Boston Rocking Chairs ; Fancy Chairs, of rush and cane seats, of all prices and qualities ; Dining, Card, Breakfast, Tea and Work Tables ; Wash Stands ; Toilette, Dressing and other Bureaus. Also, manufacturing and for sale, Hair Mattresses ; Feather Beds, and all kinds of Bedding. Orders solicited for cash or on time. Nov 17

TO FAMILES AND GROCERS.
PATENT MOULD CANDLES.

THE candles are peculiarly adapted for summer use, and will remain hard in the warmest climate. They are particularly recommended to Families, not only for economy, but cleanliness, as they will burn longer than the Sperm, and do not produce a cup around the wick to return any of the melted tallow.—which in the sperm and the ordinary tallow candle is so liable to spill when moved. Manufactured and for sale only by
W. HULL & SON, No. 189 Front street.
may 31. tf

JAMES CHINERY,

ENGRAVER, Die Sinker and Letter Cutter, No. 90 Williams-st. New York, *Manufacturer of Visiting, Newspaper Heads ; Embossing St